PAGE MISSING

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SONG FOR NOVEMBER.

The brown fogs are rising,
The yellow leaves falling,
The song-birds are silent,
The harsh winds are wailing;
The days have shrunk shorter,
The nights have grown longer;
Warmth becomes weaker,
Cold waxes stronger;
Yet, in close darkness
Which no eye can sever,
The world-strength is shaping
Blossoms forever.

Life is fast sinking,
Sun-like and bright,
As out of the heavens
Falls the great night.
Yet fear I never
Leaving this earth-place,
Knowing the grave is
Also a birth-place;
And the soul, growing
With God-power vernal,
Will it not burst into
Blossoms eternal?

Heathersley Grange;

OR, THE

WRECKERS OF THE CORNISH COAST.

A Romance of the Days of the Young Pretender.

CHAPTER XX.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

Hugh Hatterick lay clutching the clothes fiercely for some moments after the old sexton had quitted his room; but gradually the false strength which his anger had given to him faded away, and he sank exhausted on his pillow.

"Curse this weakness," he cried, "which renders me the plaything of such a drivelling old fool as Mould. Oh, that I could have sprung upon him, and wrenched those papers from his grasp! What can he mean?"

A flash of violet lightning, that lit up the dismal room, and was followed by a fearful crash of thunder, interrupted his speech for a moment.

"Just such another night," he murmured, as the echoes died away, "just such another night was it when I shipped my brother off to the plantations! Plague on that old idiot! what does he wish me to believe? that I have killed my own brother, and that the son of the Harbor-master lives? No, no, I will not believe it; I will not believe it!"

He paused a moment. Then a new idea struck him. "How is it that this old villain comes to me with such a tale? How does he know I stabbed young Armstrong? How knows he aught of that night of crime? He watches me, I know, with eyes are like those of a lynx. I must get well and strong again, and then my first business must be to destroy him."

Then came another flash, and another roll of heaven's artillery, as he spoke, and then was heard a loud knocking at the door. Hugh Hatterick trembled. People in those days were deeply imbued with superstition, and he almost feared the sounds which told him of a visitant at such an unseemly and unusual hour.

He was not kept long in suspense, however. The old housekeeper opened the door; a gust of damp and chilly wind rushed in, and a tall man wrapped in a cloak entered abruptly, as if fearful of the storm.

"Can I speak to Mr. Hatterick?" he asked.

"Well, sir," began the woman, "he is very ill; but I suppose he will see you. I will go and ask."

"Bring him in," cried Hugh Hatterick, in a hoarse, half-smothered voice, "bring him in; anything is better than this incessant quiet—this gnawing solitude; bring him in."

The housekeeper, who had heard every word which the old sexton had said, and was inwardly chuckling at the knowledge how far she had her master in her power, at once obeyed and ushered the stranger into the sick man's room.

He was a tall, sparely-built man; that was all that you could tell as he advanced into the room with his hat drawn down over his brows, and his storm-cloak wrapped closely round him; but when he threw off this and his hat, you saw it was Richard Langton, heir-at-law to the Heathersley estates. He sat down as if the place were his own.

"You've a rough sort of home here, Mr. Hatterick," he said. "Very rough indeed for a man who is ill, and has plenty of money also. I'm right, eh?"

Hugh Hatterick surveyed the new-comer with self-possession of scorn and anger. "Pray, sir," he said, "who are you? I'm not the man to allow strangers to come here prying into my affairs and give me advice. Tell me your name, and the purpose of your visit, or—go."

"You are facetious, very," answered Langton. "Turn a man out into such a tempest, and so on, eh? But you are ill, and I do not wish to distress you. I had better come to the point at once."

"Much better," muttered the wrecker to himself.

"Yes, truly, quite right," said Langton. "But tell me, Hugh Hatterick, is it possible you do not know me?"

The wrecker looked long and searchingly into the face of the speaker. There was something now in the voice and features which seemed familiar, but even now he could not bring to his recollection the time and place which had first brought them before him.

"Well," repeated Langton, "do you remember me?"

"I do not," replied Hugh Hatterick, "I do not. There is something about you which seems like a memory of the past—something which reminds me very forcibly of early days, but I don't know you, and cannot remember, and so its no use trying. You must tell me all about it yourself."

"Well, then, since your memory is so bad," replied Richard Langton, "I'll remind you. Some ten years since there stood some three miles from Trevegar, an old mansion, or rather, a castle, called Trevegar Mount. Do you remember that?"

"I do; it was burnt down."

"It was, some five years ago. At Trevegar Mount, at the time to which I allude, lived a family of the name of Langton. The eldest son, Richard, was a wild sort of fellow; he was about thirty at the period I speak of, and nothing delighted him more than mingling with the rough fishermen, and joining them in their desperate enterprises. Heir to a good property—undisputed heir, in fact, for, failing him, no heir existed—he was yet so thoroughly imbued with a delight for almost savage adventures, he favored smuggling, assisted in wrecking, and—especially when his father died—was foremost in all the most desperate scenes on this wild coast. Do you follow me?"

"I do."

"Well, so it went on, until five years ago. High revel used to be held in the castle, and the neighboring gentry used to scorn, while they feared, the wild man who lived such a life and consorted with such company. At length things came to such a pass that the authorities could no longer shut their eyes to the truth, and at the very moment when Trevegar Mount was crammed from top to bottom with smuggled goods, a descent was made upon it. Do you remember this?"

"I do. I remember it well, said Hugh Hatterick. "I remember, too, how the coast-guard attacked the place, and how Richard Langton treated them as thieves and marauders, and defended the place against them. I remember that the place was burnt to the ground, and all trace of the smuggled goods was destroyed; that charred bodies of men and women were raked up among the ashes, and that Richard Langton demanded satisfaction from the Government, and received it."

"Your memory serves you well," replied Langton; but to cut a long story short, you do not remember the most particular point of all. This Richard Langton, who used to be so bronzed and wild, has changed his mode of life, and this new mode of life has altered his appearance. I am he."

The wrecker eyed him closely.

"I recognize you now," he said, "though you are greatly changed. When you first spoke, your manner was so different from what it was in years gone by, that I could not give credence to your words; but, now that I have heard you speaking of old times, I recognize something of the old fire. So, you are Richard Langton, and being he what do you require of Hugh Hatterick?"

"Something which you, and you only, can perform, as I require it done," said Langton.

"But I am ill, and may remain so for some time yet; what, then, if I refuse?"

"Refuse is a word I don't understand," he said, "as applied to anything I desire done. I am quite prepared to show you the folly of any such idea."

The wrecker uttered a low curse between his teeth. "Speak on," he cried, "what with my last visitor and you my head begins to ache."

"Probably," said Langton, "but my explanation will not take long. On one occasion Hugh Hatterick loved a girl who hated him, and who was upon a certain day to be married to another. On the evening before the marriage she was murdered and her body thrust down a well into which Hugh dropped his knife. I saw it all and so did one other whose name I have not revealed, and I made you sign a confession of this crime before I promised not to deliver you up to the mercy of the authorities."

"Well, the steward is dead," said Hugh Hatterick, boldly.

"No, no, he lives," said Langton, "he is Richard Mould, sexton of Trevegar."

"Villain!" exclaimed Hugh Hatterick, "what would you have me to do?"

Langton laughed.

"Positively nothing to speak of," he said, "after all this preamble, it will appear quite absurd, but you will do it of course."

"Yes, yes, when my strength returns," said Hugh, hoarsely, "speak on."

"Well, then," said Langton, lowering his voice. "I must explain matters from the beginning. Listen carefully."

He then detailed briefly the matters of which he had spoken to Sir Digby Heathersley.

"You see it all seems fair and square enough," he added, "but it is not so. The money due to Sir George Heathcote from Sir Digby is due on mortgage. Do you follow me?"

"Yes," growled the wrecker.

"Well, for some reason or another Sir George Heathcote instead of depositing those papers with a man of business, carried them constantly about with him. Now when he died these papers were not on his person; he must, therefore, have deposited them in some place at Heathersley Grange. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do," said the wrecker, "you want me to find them for you and take all the danger. Much care about being shot as a burglar, for robber as I may be I have fought boldly for my treasures, and never crept into a man's house sneakingly and under cover of the night."

It was quite amusing to hear the indignant manner in which the wrecker repudiated this peculiar kind of villainy.

"The reward will be great," said Langton, "because of course you are aware that without these mortgages I can do nothing. If these were destroyed the property would still be in the hands of Sir Digby."

"I require no reward," replied Hugh Hatterick, "I have abundance of money of my own. I care not for the enterprise."

"But supposing," said the heir-at-law, quietly, "supposing that I say you must do it?"

"I do not understand the word," cried Hugh, "it is one which has never been used to me. I refuse."

"Very well, then," replied Langton, "very well, in that case I shall at once lay before the authorities the entire details of the murder of the girl you loved, and you will take the consequences."

Oh, how the desperate wrecker cursed him in his heart; oh! how bitterly he regretted the illness which kept him tied down helpless, and prevented the outbursting of rage, which would have been the destruction, at any cost, of his enemies.

Twice on that evening he had been made to feel his helplessness.

"You are my master for the time, Richard Langton," he said, in a thick, choking voice, "and I will do your bidding. Do you not fear, however, the hate and anger that will be aroused in my heart? Do you not fear my vengeance in the future?"

"No," said Langton, with a smile, "no, I take it quietly; best way, eh? I've seen a good deal of desperate work in my time, and don't think it right to be afraid of one man. Do you, eh? But, come, since you have consented, we'll put off all talk of vengeance and so on, for a time, and stick to business. How long do you expect it will be before you are well?"

"I don't know," growled Hugh Hatterick, "I suppose about a month."

"A month is a long time," said Richard Langton, "but still, I'll give you that time, as you have been desperately wounded by the man who ought to have killed you. But remember, I shall be on the watch. I shall know when you are well; when you will be ready. I shall then make it my business to be at Heathersley Grange. I shall let you and your two or three companions in (for you know you must have companions), and then, under my directions, you can explore the house. You understand?"

"Yes, yes, I do," said Hugh Hatterick. "and now, if that is all, go and leave me in peace."

Richard Langton arose.

"Not polite are you now, but I don't expect it. Ill and in pain, and so on. But remember, as I said before, I shall be on the watch, and so don't try and deceive me."

So saying, without saying where he was going, or mentioning the date which he proposed for the burglarious entry of Heathersley Grange, he passed away from the room.

Hugh Hatterick watched him with interest.

"I must be gotten out of the way, he said, as his enemy left him; "first, old Mould, the sexton, and secondly, this expectant heir-at-law. I must destroy all evidences of my former crime, which I imagined lay hid forever in the darkness, and then I can defy them both."

He knew well his own plan of action, but he little thought how keenly Richard Langton saw into his schemes, and what strange means he would employ to thwart him.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SCENE IN THE OLD CORRIDOR.

It was no small surprise to both Henry Heathersley and Sir Digby, and no pleasant surprise either, when Richard Langton once more presented himself at the Grange.

It was easy for one possessed of a temperament like that of Richard Langton to invent an excuse for his re-appearance, and accordingly he gave so good a reason that on this second visit he found himself installed as a visitor in the house for some time.

He opened the campaign by being excessively polite and attentive to Mistress Alice Heathcote, who endeavored to meet his advances with cold and distant reserve. He was not a man, however, who cared for rebuffs. He had fought out a desperate life without heeding them, and in spite of the world, in fact; and at his age it was not likely that he would succumb to any but the most extraordinary circumstances.

The will by which Sir George Heathcote had constituted him in certain eventualities heir to the Heathersley estate, had not in any way displeased him by having as a proviso an injunction to marry Alice.

He had never been married. Wild, irregular, uncontrolled his life had been, but he had never yet gazed upon a female face which had so attracted him by its beauty as that of Alice.

There was something intensely irritating to Henry to see his growing admiration for her, and to mark the evidences of it in his manner towards her. Again and again he laid the matter before his father.

"Why," he asked, "why do you suffer to remain beneath your roof the man whose object is to destroy you and yours?"

In fact Sir Digby was weak.

"I fear," he said, "to excite his anger."

"Fear," cried Henry, "why should you fear him?"

"He knows my secret."

"You have no proof of this."

"I have, unfortunately, most certain proof of it," returned Sir Digby. (This was on the third evening after the arrival of Richard Langton at the Grange.) "When speaking to me last night, he boldly charged me with complicity in the plot of Charles Edward, and even spoke in a tone of irritating jocularity about it. No, no; this man must not be converted into an open enemy. He must be tomporized with."

"Would that I were not here to see the humiliation!" cried Henry Heathersley. "Every instant he remains at the Grange I regard as so much time occupied in breeding insult and shame for ourselves. However I, for my part, will keep as far as possible out of his way, otherwise I feel certain we shall come to an open rupture."

It was about a month after the arrival of the heir-at-law at the Grange, that Alice Heathcote, desiring to be alone, retired to the seclusion of an old corridor, which led along the western wing of the building, and connected the sleeping with the other apartments.

It was a dark, sombre place at all times, filled with old pictures of ancestors, looking very prim and stiff in their stiff dresses and heavy frames, with coats of mail, and with antlers of deer too, fixed to the walls here and there, or towering over the top of the recesses of the bay windows.

Here, in the retirement of one of the casements, Alice placed herself, where she could read a book, and at the same time, in the intervals of perusal, send her thoughts wandering across the sea, which moaned and rolled so near her, towards one with whose existence her own was so thoroughly entwined.

She had not heard once from Captain Hubert Rivasole since his departure for France, and she began, with the natural timidity of women, to fear that some evil had befallen him, never remembering how difficult it was to receive any letters from abroad.

She was just thinking of him—thinking of his handsome person, and his gentle, manly voice, and the last sweet kiss he had imprinted on her willing lips at parting—when a voice near her spoke, and starting round, she saw a servant with a letter.

Taking it indifferently from him, she soon found her indifference change to wild joy. Well she knew the loved hand-writing. It was that of Hubert Rivasole.

Eagerly tearing it open, she held it in the uncertain light and read—

"My Own Dearest Alice:—I know not how soon you may receive this, but I write now because I have an unexpected opportunity of sending over to England secretly. The bearer of this will wait on you the day after you receive it, and will bring back to me your answer.

"How I long to see you again and clasp you to my heart. It seems an age since I met your sweet eyes, and heard the gentle tones of your voice. I hope and trust it will not be more than two months before I visit England. I am now well and in safety, though I have had two narrow escapes from the hand of an assassin, who was, I believe, hired by Hugh Hatterick to destroy me.

"I am sure you will be glad to hear how I have fared, so I will tell you briefly what has occurred.

"I noticed a great deal of whispering and sinister glancing at me, when our vessel started, between a Dutch sailor and one who, I found out afterwards, was one of Hugh Hatterick's band, and I fancied it best to be upon the alert. Nothing, however, occurred on the voyage over, and to a certain extent, my suspicions were lulled.

"They were soon, however, excited once more.

"On landing, I, of course, parted company with the smugglers, and being now in our country, and not fearing anything, I went on an inn to pass the night. It was a common place enough, but seemed respectable—and banishing, therefore, all thoughts of the sailor and smuggler who had excited my suspicions, I went fast asleep.

"I was awakened in the middle of the night by a strange scraping sound, and used to military habits, I sprang up, wide awake. This quickness of action no doubt saved my life—for in the light of the lamp, which I had left burning on the table near my bed, I distinctly recognized the villainous face of Hugh Hatterick's friend, the wrecker. He was creeping out of the room, when I saw him, but even then, I caught the bright glance of a long knife he held unsheathed in his hand."

"The villain," murmured Alice, with a shudder.

Then she proceeded with deeper interest still—so deep, indeed, that she did not notice a tall figure that glided into the corridor, and seating her, came stealthily up to her chair, and listened and watched.

"I immediately," she continued, reading half aloud from her lover's letter, "I immediately leaped out of bed, and pursued the villain, sword in hand, but it was in vain. He was nowhere to be seen, and although I aroused the house, not a trace of him could anywhere be found. I have no reason to believe that the landlord of the inn was in any way in league with the villains—and I, therefore, can only imagine that he was well acquainted with the house, and escaped through some secret door.

"I slept no more that night, as may be imagined—and very early on the following morning, I started for Paris. On the road to Lisville, the first day's journey, I met no adventures—but as soon as darkness came on, I became conscious of some one following me, or rather dogging my footsteps, and just as I reached the bridge, which leads into the town, a bullet whistled through my hat.

"The flash of the pistol showed me the whereabouts of the would-be assassin, and I at once dashed after him. His dismay at being foiled so startled him that he stumbled, and I cut him down with my sword.

"On leaping from my horse and examining his features, I saw that they were those of the fellow whom I had detected in my room on the previous night. He was dying fast, and as life died out, I fancied that I caught the name, 'Hugh Hatterick.' This of course, was mean anything—that he was employed by Hugh Hatterick, or that he would avenge his death. However, I had a very good chance of never seeing you again.

"And now, after all this selfish talk about myself, how are you, my dearest Alice? Are you well and happy? I ask you, although

know you cannot answer me; but I trust soon to hear all I wish to know from your own sweet lips, and with a thousand kisses, believe me, dearest,

"Your own forever.

"HUBERT.

"Remember me kindly to my dear friend Henry, and your esteemed uncle. I should place your father in the list, dared I hope he could think of me in any way but in anger."

"Dear, dear Hubert," said Alice, as she closed the letter, and placed it in her bosom, "oh! how I long to see him! Oh! how I hope the time will soon come that will bring him to me, and release me from the odious attention of this Richard Langton. Oh; how I hate——"

A slight cough near her interrupted her speech, and caused her to start up in alarm.

Standing by her side was the hair-at-law.

"I coughed, you see, Miss Heathcote," he said, smiling grimly, "to avoid hearing any further compliments to myself."

Alice flushed crimson. "There is an old proverb in regard to eaves-droppers," she said, rising to go.

"Stay, Miss Heathcote," he said; "one word. I will not detain you long, and I really regret that I should thus have obtruded my unlucky self in the midst of pleasant thoughts, called up by the reading of your lover's epistle; but I have something special to say to you."

She relapsed into her seat.

"Speak, sir," she said; "I am listening."

"Well, you see, Miss Heathcote," he said, "I have had until now no opportunity of speaking to you freely, and I take this opportunity of doing so. You are aware of the provisions made in your father's will?"

"Oh, yes, sir," she said, impatiently; "I *am* aware of them; in fact, I have heard them spoken of till I am tired of hearing of them."

"Well, that saves trouble, eh?" said Langton, "but you see, though in the first place I resolved, as a man of the world, to take advantage of them, it was not until lately that I found a fresh incentive to do so. If you marry Master Henry, you secure his fortune to him; but this I am aware you do not intend doing. If you marry Captain Rivasole I obtain the fortune, and Henry and his father will be beggars."

"Oh! pray, sir, do not repeat this to me," cried Alice, angrily.

"Stay, be not impatient," said Langton; "I am about to propose to you a plan, by which you can save half Henry's fortune and secure one also to your friend, the French captain."

Alice regarded him in undisguised amazement, and for an instant was taken aback by his words and manner; but the instant that reflection came to her aid, she remembered the utter uselessness of depending upon such a man as Richard Langton for aid.

However, she resolved to listen to what he had to say.

"Tell me, sir," she said; "I am all attention."

"Well, then, Miss Heathcote," he said, approaching nearer and leaning over her with one hand on the back of her chair, "it is simply this. If you will consent to become my wife—now hear me out—if you will consent to make me happy, I will at once give over half the money I should receive properly from Sir Digby, or rather half the estate, to Henry, and make a handsome provision for Captain Hubert. Nay, then, you must hear me—it is but an honorable proposal I make. Your sweet face and form—your whole manner and behavior have imbued me with heartfelt love, and at my age, a love once awakened is not easily quenched. Say, Alice, will you, at least, consider my proposal?"

"Mr. Langton," said Alice, rising, "I will at once and forever give you my answer. I refuse even to listen to your proposal. You know that I am the affianced wife of Hubert Rivasole, and, under Providence, I shall yet be his bride. I regard your proposal as an insult. What else is it coming to me from a man who plans the deliberate ruin of a family? What my father did under the influence of passion, you carry out coolly and deliberately. Let me pass, sir, and never, under any circumstances, speak to me of this again. Remember, however, that Sir Digby Heathersley and Henry will *never* be beggars as long as Alice Heathcote has the property which is in her own right and cannot be taken from her."

He seized her arm and detained her. Something of the desperate villain of old—the reckless Master of Trevegar Mount—could be seen now in his face as he guzed at her.

"Have a care," he said, in a low, hissing voice, "how you make me an enemy. Remember that I hold Sir Digby and your lover in my power. Make me your enemy, and the instant that Hubert Rivasole sets foot on English ground both he and your uncle become inmates of a State prison. I know their political secret, and I need scarcely say——"

"Unhand me, unmanly coward," cried Alice, struggling to free her wrist; "I will *not* listen to you. To Heaven I commit my lover and my uncle; to Heaven I commit my cause. Let me pass, or I will alarm the house."

"Nay, you shall hear me," he said.

He had no time to utter more. As he spoke, he found himself whirled back into the recess, and saw Alice being hurried from the corridor by Henry Heathersley.

Henry, having placed Alice in safety, returned pale and angry to the spot where Richard Langton stood.

"What means this outrage in my father's house?" he said. "I was not aware till now that we numbered a coward among our guests."

"Wretched beggar!" exclaimed Langton.

He said no more, for scarcely had the insult passed his lips, when Henry's arm was raised, and the Heir-at-law rolled over on the floor.

He sprang up at once, white, and foaming with rage, and failing to find his sword, which he had accidentally left in his room, he seized one of the heavy chairs.

"Richard Langton never forgives a blow!" he shouted, as he raised the chair as if to dash out Henry's brain's upon the spot.

But as he raised it, the door was flung open, and Sir Digby, who had been warned by Alice, rushed in, and sprang between them.

"Stay, stay!" he cried. "For *my* sake forbear. My son, what means this scene?"

"It means that this man insulted my cousin, and that I have chastised him," said Henry. "Like a coward he acted to her, and as a coward he desires to act toward me."

Richard Langton, whose face and lips were ghastly, and whose eyes were glassy, too, with rage, dropped the chair at once.

"True, true! these are not gentlemen's weapons," he said. "We will talk of this *another time*."

Having said this with emphasis, and a peculiar glance at Henry, he turned to Sir Digby.

"One moment in your study, Sir Digby," he said, "if you will so oblige me, and I can explain all." Then, with studied insult, turning his back towards Henry, he quitted the corridor with Sir Digby, who was glad to hurry him away.

That night, sitting by his fire in his own chamber, Richard Langton received a note from Henry Heathersley:

"If you are not a coward, meet me and prove it to-morrow morning at daybreak, at the Smuggler Gap. I shall be there at six precisely with my second. My weapons are swords. "HENRY HEATHERSLEY.

"To Mr. Richard Langton."

"Very odd, very odd this," said Langton, smiling a ghastly smile; "yes, very odd, indeed. He has anticipated me. Tell your master that I accept his kind invitation, and shall be with him at the time named."

When the servant had quitted the room, he rose and locked the door. Then he took from the table his sword, drew it, and examined it.

"Years have passed, Richard," he said, talking familiarly to himself, "since you used to be the best swordsman in Trevegar; but your arm is just as strong as ever, and a little practice won't do you any harm. If I don't settle this young braggart to-morrow in some manner, my name is not Richard Langton."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ A good tonic for debilitated young ladies—Iron. A better tonic—ironing.

☞ Injurious Perfume to a Beautiful Woman—The essence of thyme.

☞ A Noisy Piece of Crockery—The cup that cheers.

☞ The Grand Duke Alexis admires brunettes.

☞ New York belles are now said to select their dresses to match the colors of their poodles.

☞ What Eve said to Adam when she wanted him to assist her at toilet—"Release me."

☞ A lovely mode of reasoning—Man and woman putting their heads together.

☞ A correspondent of Woodhull's paper signs herself, "Yours, thelemically, pantagrelistically, pantisocratically."

☞ A little girl in Detroit, aged eleven, chews tobacco.

☞ Emma Dodge, of Fort Wayne, is only thirteen years old, and weighs 425 pounds. She is what you might call enn-fat-ic.

☞ A little girl in Princess George's county, Md., recently died of intense grief caused by the death of her mother.

☞ WOULD LIKE TO BE.—A gentleman expressed to a lady his admiration of her toilet. She said she supposed he had been impressed by her angel sleeves. He answered, with effusion, "No; but I'd like to be."

☞ A Southern paper of recent date records a marriage, in which the bride was 15 years, and a widow.

☞ Ought not a hermit to call his house a man-shun?

☞ In Chicago the reaction from the excitement of the fire is prostrating thousands on beds of sickness.

☞ Lawyer C——(entering the office of his friend Dr. M——, and speaking in a hoarse whisper)—"Fred, I've got such a cold this morning, that I can't speak the truth." Dr. M——"Well, I'm glad it's nothing that will interfere with your business."

☞ Quack—A doctor whose science lies in his bill.

☞ An enterprising phrenologist once wrote a note to the late Charles Dickens, asking permission to make an examination of his cranium. Mr. Dickens replied:—"Dear Sir: At this time I require the use of my skull, but as soon as it shall be at leisure I will willingly place it at your disposal."

☞ A man in Westport, Conn., has had three wives in five months.

☞ A New York damsel received a basket of flowers last week which cost $400.

☞ A country editor says:—"If the party who plays the scoordeon in this vicinity at nights will only change his tune occasionally, or sit where we can scald him when the engine has steam on, he will hear of something to his advantage."

☞ The German custom of throwing an old shoe after the carriage of a newly married couple, is strictly adhered to and carried out in this country.

☞ Two of Darwin's sons have been on a visit to the Yosemite. It is said that the monkeys recognized them at once, and asked kindly after their father.

☞ Somebody wrote to H. G. inquiring the best method of preserving farm tools. The philosopher advised the best loaf sugar, pound for pound, and boil one hour.

☞ CANDID INTERRUPTION.—"Fools are not all dead yet," said a dull lecturer. "That's so," shouted an auditor, "or you wouldn't be here to say it!"

☞ A Birmingham paper announces that it has received a subscription for the Newcastle engineers from "One who has worked twelve hours a day at a vice." This reveals a sad state of immorality. In such a case, any reduction of the hours of labor would clearly be an improvement.

☞ A pig, with one eye in the centre of its forehead and a trunk similar in shape to an elephant's, growing out directly over its eye, is the boast of a California town.

☞ An Iowa woman put starch in her husband's beer, thinking it was arsenic, and was surprised because it didn't stiffen him.

☞ Reversible shawls, at Stewart's, cost $4,000 apiece. An antique one, considerably darned, will sell for $200.

☞ Chicago congratulates herself that however much ruin the fire has brought upon the city, the fire, breaking out just as it did, saved the city from an affliction hardly less severe, as Victoria Woodhull was prevented from lecturing there as advertised. It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

☞ The "goatee" is said to have originated among the Christians in Spain after the time of the Moorish invasion, when the natives were becoming so blended that it was difficult to distinguish them. The former adopted this cut of the beard, forming, with the moustache, a cross, that they might recognize and assist each other.

☞ A young lady sitting at a front window in Danbury, Mass., tossing in her hand what might have been a ball of white yarn, attracted the attention of a middle-aged chap on the street, whose gallantry prompted him to hold up his hands for a catch. She accommodated him. The article proved to be an egg, and alighted on his nose; but it is not to be supposed that the lady knew it was a bad one.

☞ Darwin's new book on the "Facial Expression of Animals," will be freely illustrated, and will endeavor to prove that dogs and monkeys can laugh, smile, sneer, look cross, or throw a deep pathos into their speaking countenances. It will probably not appear before next spring.

☞ A "devoted" wife seeing her irritable husband blowing in the muzzle of a loaded gun while holding back the hammer with his foot, tripped down to the milliner's to ask about the cost of full mourning.

☞ A large company of ladies and gentlemen in Bridgeport got up a surprise a few nights since. They carried an almost unlimited quantity of provisions, expecting to have a fine supper. After their arrival, the goods were taken by the lady of the house and deposited in the pantry, probably supposing they were among the things donated. The party waited until three o'clock in the morning for supper to be ready, but as no signs of preparation were visible, and feeling a little modest about inquiring what disposition had been of the "cake and things," they departed as "hungry as bears."

☞ In the Jewish marriage ceremony, the bride and groom stand under a silken canopy, which is held by four or six of their gentlemen friends; and a glass is used to drink wine, which is broken to pieces at the conclusion of the ceremony.

☞ In a Virginia town, a ball was held in a furniture warerroom, and the orchestra was perched on a pile of coffins.

☞ FRANCE RECHRISTENED.—What used to be called *la belle France* is now called a Vale of Thiers.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. MUZZEY, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;
OR,
LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.
By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming, etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being its Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - $2.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($2.50), for $4.00.

{Our *club* terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, THE SUNDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.}

☞ The magazine or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

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Be Guided by what you Know.

There is an old proverb which says, "Experience is the safest guide." To this guide the sick and ailing naturally turn when casting about for the means of relief. They inquire what a medicine has done for others, before they adopt it themselves. Of all the remedies and preventives in use, HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS meets the test most triumphantly, and hence its immense popularity and vast sales. The sufferer from indigestion is sure to find some one among his friends who has been cured of this ailment by the famous vegetable stomachic. The victim of fever and ague, liver complaint, constipation, nervous prostration, or general debility, has only to make inquiry in the neighborhood where he resides in order to discover what this standard restorative has effected in cases similar to his own. In the published testimony to its merits he will find a volume of proofs of its sanitary properties, which it is impossible for his common sense to resist. He tries it, and the effect it produces on his system adds another to the host of witnesses in its favor. Thus, its reputation, founded on facts, not assertions, continually grows and spreads. Charlatans and impostors, some of them mere local tricksters, and others who take a somewhat wider range, attempt to thrust into the hands and down the throats of invalids, their haphazard concoctions, as substitutes for the tonic which for so many years has been a medicinal staple throughout the United States, Spanish America, Canada, and the West Indies, but only succeed to a very limited extent. In this reasoning age, the people, having ascertained what is really deserving of their confidence, decline "running after strange gods." nov6-1m

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The Advertisers' Gazette, a book of over 100 pages, sent by mail to any address for 25 cents. Published by GEO. P. ROWELL & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 41 Park Row, New York. The Washington (D. C.) Standard says: "It puts the advertiser on the track of saving money by judicious outlay, and gives information and advice that the oldest and most experienced, as well as new beginners, may find profit in perusing."

Dandruff can be removed by the use of Burnett's Cocoaine; also, Irritation of the Scalp.

☞ Feathers of all sizes and colors are used this season for ornamenting the hair, instead of flowers, and are vastly more becoming and stylish.

OUR NEW DEPARTURE!

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HALF A CENTURY OLD.

ENTIRELY NEUTRAL IN POLITICS

That well-known literary weekly, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, having just completed its half-a-century of existence, has resolved to celebrate the event by

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The size of THE POST has therefore been enlarged fully ONE-THIRD, (containing 48 long columns,) and it is now both the

Largest and Cheapest of the Family Papers!

It will contain Novelets, Illustrated Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Answers to Correspondents, etc., etc., by the

ABLEST WRITERS

that can be procured—including Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, Amanda M. Douglas, Burr Thornbury, Ella Wheeler, August Bell, Clio Stanley, Captain Carnes, Lillie Devereux Blake, "Zig," Mrs. Fanny R. Fendge, Mrs. M. L. S. Burke, Eben E. Rexford, etc., etc., etc. ☞ It will be entirely NEUTRAL in politics.

NEW NOVELETS CONSTANTLY PUBLISHED.

New Novelets and Stories, long and short, are being continually published. Subscriptions, therefore, can begin at almost any time.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

As our enlarged paper will afford us the room, we shall devote about a column in every number to a summary of the most important and interesting news of the week.

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - $2.50.

One Copy of the Saturday Evening Post ($2.50) and One of the Lady's Friend ($2,00), for $4.00.

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Address **H. PETERSON & CO.,**

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SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

☞ The Louisville *Ledger* gives the following specimen of a Kentucky conversation: "Hello dar, what you ax for dat old blind mule, eh?" "Well, I dunno, guess I mout take thirty-five dollars." "Thirty-five dollars! I'll give you five." "Well, you may have 'im; I won't stand on thirty dollars—in a mule trade."

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV. 25, 1871.

LARGE CLUBS.

We hope that those of our readers who are in the habit of getting up Clubs for THE POST, will try to at least *double* their old lists. We are hoping to get a good many clubs of *fifty* subscribers for the coming year—and if the clubs should run up to *one hundred*, we should not complain. At the present enlarged size of THE POST, it is so much cheaper than the other first-class Family papers, that we think it only needs to be laid before the community to be subscribed for at once by thousands of new patrons. Of course we must depend, in a great degree, upon our present subscribers to show THE POST to their friends and neighbors, and speak a good word in our behalf.

A NEW NOVEL BY MRS. WOOD.

The talented author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c., is now engaged upon a new Serial Story for THE LADY'S FRIEND. It is entitled

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

This story will be commenced in the January number of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and will run through the year. This, in addition to the numerous other novelets and stories which are to appear next year in THE LADY'S FRIEND, will, we think, give that magazine a proud position among the periodicals intended expressly for the ladies.

THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) and THE POST ($2.50) are sent together for $4.00 a year. In making up clubs for THE POST, the Lady's Friend can be included at the same rates. The matter in the magazine and the paper is always different.

In what sharp and humiliating contrast to the recent butchery committed by our fellow Caucasians at Los Angeles, stands out the prompt and generous response of the Chinese merchants of San Francisco to the appeal of suffering Chicago. The Alta California reprints what one of them said to the collectors, in broken English:

Me leadee in Alta, Melican man town all same hap gone—burnee up. Melican man wantee dollars; some time poor Melican man strikee Chinaman with blicks; Chinaman no care. Allee people Chicago losee everything wifee and children burn out. Chinaman say allee same my countree people—wantee help. How manchee dollars you wantee? Hundled dolla? Allee light; you not find enough money comee me again; give another hundled.

SCANDAL AT DINNER.

As a rule it is not a good thing to discuss bits of scandal at a public table, or in fact in any other place where interested strangers might be unwilling listeners. Besides being impolite, it is in bad taste.

It often occurs that, from an ignorance of facts, mistakes are made in the subject matter of such discussions, which are tolerably certain to bring abusive explanations upon the head or heads of the party making such blunders.

An amusing case of the kind happened at a St. Louis hotel recently, in which, although the party claiming to have been injured was not at all interested, goes to show "what might have been." A gentleman connected with a mercantile house in that city, going to rather a late dinner, found at one of the tables where he occupies a seat, two young gentlemen in all the glories of new ready-made clothes, and who had evidently come in from some flourishing "country city," for the purpose of having a limited good time.

Their conversation was principally upon the conquests they had, or fancied they had, made. Suddenly No. 1 broke out, "Oh, Frank, you remember about that Mrs. —— that we read about in the papers 'tother day?"

"Well, yes; why?"

"Sent my card to her last night."

"No, did ye though?"

"Did, for a fact. She came down into the parlor, and we had quite a chat. She's gay."

"Oh, you rascal."

Then followed sundry nods, winks, and further conversation, in which the name of the lady did not appear to great advantage as a loving and faithful wife. At this juncture the commercial gentleman looked up, and with an air of one injured, mixed with one of settled, stern, but mild ferocity, said:

"It is perhaps my duty, gentlemen, before this thing goes on any further, to inform you that the lady whose name you are using with such gross familiarity is my wife."

This was a percussion shell, and silence reigned for a few seconds. One of the young fellows turned pale, while the other resumed a roseate hue. Then they exchanged colors, and stammered out some half uttered words.

"Yes," continued the gentleman, "and I have always supposed that some little eccentricities of my wife would not be taken advantage of, or subject her either to rude conduct or outrageous insults. I have the right to demand an apology."

The waiter coming up at that moment, asked them what they would have for dessert. With a sickly smile one of them fixed his eyes upon "frozen custard," while the other was entirely absorbed with "jelly."

Then they said they guessed they didn't care about anything more, and sneaked foolishly out.

When the merchant came out, he found them in the hall, looking as if they had just been engaged in settling a delicate question. One advanced and said:

"That was all confounded nonsense, you know."

"What was nonsense?"

"Why 'bout my having an interview with your wife. I jes' got it up as a joke on Frank, and am sorry for it."

He was then read a severe lesson by a man who had never seen the lady in question in his life, and told that hereafter he should be extremely cautious how he allowed his tongue to wag in such an unlicensed manner. And why should he not?

WHAT BUILDINGS ARE FIRE-PROOF.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial has "interviewed" Mr. Mullet, the Government architect, on the subject of fire-proof buildings, and here are his opinions:

Mr. Mullet says there are very few fire-proof buildings in the United States. He ought to know, for he has had all the government buildings in the country on his hands for several years, and has built the best of them, and it is probable he has devoted as much time, study, and investigation to the subject as any architect to be found.

"Why, my friend," said he, "don't you know that granite, when subjected to a strong heat, crumbles like dry plaster? It is the best building stone in the world; it will resist time, and heat, and damp and rain, and everything else, but it won't resist fire. Marble is not much better, but it is some; marble will stand fire up as soon as granite. Sandstone is about the same, with some few exceptional varieties.

"Now, a good many blessed idiots think that if a vault is built of granite it is fire and burglar proof. Nothing of the sort. If I wanted to make a secure vault, I shouldn't make it of granite. A skillful burglar can get into a granite vault in no time."

"How?"

"Why, with a blow-pipe. With a large blow-pipe, and a small, sharp blaze well handled, a burglar can crack a block of granite to pieces before you'd know it. When subjected to a severe heat it cracks and splits off in flakes, and you can crush it into sand with your fingers. Oh, no! a granite building is not fire-proof."

"Well, what sort of a building is fire-proof?"

"A granite building," he answered, without apparently noticing the question, "will stand a great heat a great while; so will marble a great while. But a wooden cupola, or steeple or tower, must not be put on top of it, like that on the Chicago Court House. . . . . Granite isn't fire-proof," he continued, "but as I said before, it will stand a good deal. It is probable that the Court House would have stood had it not been for the wooden cupola and the open windows. The Tribune office would probably have stood if it had had iron shutters outside and inside on all the windows. Yet it is by no means certain, if the fire raged with the intensity that is described."

"What, then, is to be done," I asked, "if granite and marble and sandstone are not fire-proof? Is not the Capitol, the Treasury, the Patent Office, the Post Office Department—are not these fire-proof?"

"Why, bless your soul, no! Not one of them. But they are probably safe, for all that, because they stand away from other buildings—all except the Post Office. If we should have such a fire in Washington as that in Chicago I should fear for the Post Office building. Why, my dear sir," he continued in a more snappish tone than ever, "do you know there is but one fire-proof Government building in the country. That's the Appraiser's Stores in Philadelphia."

"Is it possible? And that is the only one?"

"It's the only one I know of."

"What's the material?"

"Why," he answered, "it's brick. Brick is the only absolutely fire-proof building material I know of. They say the Seneca stone is fire-proof, and it has stood some wonderful tests, but none of the Government buildings have been built of it. Of course, granite and marble are good enough, if buildings are apart from others. That's the trouble. Government buildings ought to have big grounds around them. Then there would be no danger. But I have great faith in iron shutters."

☞ The wife of Joaquin Miller publishes a lengthy letter in the Oregonian, asking the public to welcome her husband as a poet and man of genius, but giving her own version of their difficulties, and implying severe censure for his abandonment and neglect of herself and their children.

☞ Autumn hues—Cutting wood for the winter.

THE LONG AGO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

When I sit in the failing twilight,
And the busy streets grow still—
I dream of the green old meadows
And the old house on the hill.
And see the roses blowing
About the doorways low,
And smell the lilac blossoms
As their pink cups overflow
With the fragrance in each chalice,
And I dream of long ago.

I can see my mother sitting
In the dear old rocking chair,
With the fading sunlight falling
On her hands of silver hair,
And I stretch my hands toward her—
Crying—"Oh! I've missed you so!"
Then she kisses me, and calls me
By the name I used to know,
When there was no hint of sorrow
In the dear old long ago.

And I see my father sitting
In the corner reading o'er
Of a Saviour's tender teaching
From the book of holy lore.
And he calls me up beside him,
As the sun is setting low,
And he reads in from the Bible,
Truth he wishes us to know,
As we gather round to listen,
In the dear old long ago.

Oh, I hear the dear old voices,
Like an echo far and sweet,
And my lonesome heart rejoices
As the dear names I repeat.
And I see the faces tender
Of the ones I used to know,
But a shadow hides the sunshine,
And the old home gray and low,
And I know 'twas but the memory
Of the dear old long ago.

GOSSIP FOR LADIES.

THE CITY FASHIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST:—I would not like to be called "a snapper up of unconsidered trifles," but when it comes to pass that every lady one meets, has daintily perched upon her classic nose, a pair of tortoise shell

EYE-GLASSES,

it strikes me that some inquiry ought to be made. The truth of the business is, the pretty devotees of fashion have taken it into their giddy heads that there is a certain style about these little abominations that cannot be attained in any other way. Of course there is nothing the matter with their eyes—they don't pretend there is—and no doubt would feel quite insulted if any one hinted that they were any shorter-sighted than Mother Nature intended all women to be. But they do so like to experiment, and whatever they see one recognized belle doing, they like to do. There was a time when literary young men, and women too, had a fancy for spectacles, imagining, I suppose, that it gave them an air of wisdom and profundity, and set them apart as it were, from mere ordinary mortals. But spectacles have given way to eye-glasses, and eye-glasses have become an established institution among us—though it is only of late that they have been worn for *style*. But even in this can be seen little glimpses of human nature; the fashion troublesome as it is, runs riot among the young—the *very* young, these who are in their "salad days," and imagine the world all before them, giving no thought to the time when "age shall wither and custom stale their infinite variety." *They* can wear eye-glasses with impunity—but, as if to strike a general average, the fashion is quietly ignored by those whose years would warrant their use. If called upon to "drink to me only with thine eyes," strange as it may seem, a glass would appear to be out of place, wouldn't it? There is something absurd in the idea of making love through a pair of "lamps."

Even Bulwer found that out, and made a note of it. "Vain task"—he says, "to speed the soft glance of affection through the medium of these glassy interpreters." And then he goes on in his Bulwerian way to cite an instance in his earlier life where he was upon the point of a declaration to the angel of his choice, when she deliberately took from her pocket a pair of No. 6 tortoise shells and placing them across her nose, turned upon him their gorgon glance and froze the ramished cupid into stone. It was a short-sighted proceeding on her part, and ought to serve as a warning to the waiting ones of the present day. But then, the fashion, unlike many another is harmless; the glass used in these little toys neither magnifies nor lessens, and the effect is simply that of looking through a window; and no wonder that Miss haughtily tosses her head when the prudent maiden aunt solemnly declares that she will ruin her eye sight "with them pesky things."

CALICOES

are looking up. There was a day—and not long since—when this time-honored fabric was given the cut direct, and handed over entirely to the tender mercies of the kitchen deity—while the lady in donning a soiled silk, or a frayed poplin felt that the line of demarcation was drawn, and that she bore no resemblance to the genius of the pots and pans; but this year there is a "new departure;" calico has been restored to favor, and is, for home wear, considered stylish, if not elegant. And what wonder, when such perfection of color and finish has been attained. The pretty French and English prints make up charmingly into blouse waists, and are pretty in the flowing Gabrielle. For mastrons a black ground with thread stripes of scarlet is very neat, especially if said matron be on the brunette order. Should she happen to be a blonde there are dark blue grounds with lighter blue in narrow stripes. And then for anybody and every one there are chocolate and coffee browns, maroon and black, with bright Roman colors in little figures or in gay stripes imitating Cashmere, in broad palm leaves, roses climbing over trellises, and a thousand other designs, quaint and original.

WRAPS

of colored velvet are a new idea, but one that will hardly be received with any great degree of favor. The fact is that nothing is more elegant than a *black* velvet, and as it can be worn with any colored dress it has an advantage over anything else. The colored velvets look pretty when worn *en-costume*, but even then there is an odor of *velveteen* about them hardly desirable; pretty double-breasted cloth jackets in "tricot" and "diagonals," with vest collars are shown and are really the most dressy garment on exhibition. The backs and fronts are half loose-fitting and slashed in the back and on the hips. Some of these, in honor of Ida Lewis or any other sea nymph, I expect, are of deep blue, corded with white and ornamented with brass buttons—and are decidedly pretty for some styles of beauty. A tall, prim, dignified individual would not look well in one, but a little "pink and white tyranny" could add a grace to the already graceful garment. Heavy beaver cloaks are made in sacque form, with a cape, and are intended principally for zero weather, their great weight rendering them uncomfortable for medium days.

The fashion of long

VAILS,

that took such a grip upon feminine fancy last year, is abating, and as it was a nuisance,

I am glad to chronicle the fact. *No* veil is the prevailing style just now, but when one insists upon it, a square mask of black net is permitted, though there is an effort being made to establish the veil of white lace dotted with black, and as it is decidedly becoming, a great beautifier even, there is little doubt but that the effort will prove successful. They call this veil the "Alexis," though why they should is one of the mysteries that time will not be likely to solve. And yet it is no more strange than that hats and cloaks and boots and bustles and a hundred other items of the female wardrobe, of the very existence of which doubtless his Imperial Highness is in a state of blissful ignorance, should also be known as "Alexis."

ROUND WAISTS

are no more seen, more's the pity, for of all styles it was most becoming to everybody. Little basques, sharp pointed in front, and with fancifully cut backs, are the idea for close-fitting bodies, but the *chemise russe* is a pretty variation, and answers in place of the French waist, now obsolete. The fear that we were to be revisited by the old-fashioned pointed waists of twenty or thirty years ago has died out; the rumor that they were to be fashionable was founded on the fact that jackets and basques were crowding out the round waists; and as fashions, like the Wandering Jew, come around once in a hundred years or so, some one imagined they saw its shadow, and thereby predicted its approach.

FURS

are beginning to make their appearance on the street. It is a noticeable fact, however, that those now carried are invariably *new*. If Miss or Madame or both have just come into possession of handsome Russian sables, they think it as much as their lives are worth to venture out without being well muffled up; but if, on the contrary, they are obliged to make the old mink set do another year, they conclude it is a little early yet for furs, and wrapping the drapery of their shawls around them, they pass on, apparently oblivious of the winds that are giving their cheeks a brighter tinge of red, and wantonly disarranging the pretty curls so carefully pinned upon the apex of their very level heads.

And this leads me to say that a few novelties in hair dressing are being introduced, of which I would like to speak, but time presses and I shall have to defer all mention until another week, and until then

I am very truly,

OLIVE KING.

LIFE ON SHIPBOARD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AUNT ALICE.

The partitions being thin, and transoms all open for the sake of air, we could hear the occupants of every berth on our side of the vessel; some calling, some groaning, and very many retching loudly. A perfect Babel of noises. One or two sleepy looking male waiters were moving about at their leisure, grinning at each other, as if it was good fun, going a little faster if a shilling or two was placed in their hands. As yet the two grand sovereigns of the state rooms, the dignified stewardesses, had not arisen from their beds. They were sent for repeatedly, called for loudly, but were not in the least hurry. Men with slight clothing upon them came out into the hall to seek for tardy waiters, their pale, anxious faces looking quite unlike the gents of yesterday. Our bridegroom looked out and said in a doleful tone, "For the Lord's sake bring us another wash-bowl, or empty this one! Ugh, oh, whew!"

This was more than we could stand, for being sympathetic, we knew we must get out of this if we were to preserve our stomachs in good condition; so hastily dressing we made a rush for the cabin stairs, tried to enter the dining saloon, but caught a glimpse of many manly forms lying upon seats, tables, and even upon the floor, some of them with wash basins at hand, over which they leaned mournfully. We moved on quickly to the upper deck, but there was no place for us there, already the sailors were scrubbing and cleaning it. Down again to the hallway, but there the strange passengers were agonizing over the trough, using it as a basin in lieu of a better. What should we do? Where go? Back to our state room seemed the only place, so scrambling over trunks, baskets, empty bottles, boots and shoes we hurried in, got into bed and tried to close our ears.

No use; those unpleasant sounds would be heard. We were not sea sick, but feared we should be if this continued. Soon an enormous female came to our door, opened it, and asked in a lofty tone if we had called for her. This was the stewardess who had charge of our side. She was immense, and quite filled up our little room. "No, we had not called," and did we not rejoice that we had no need of the services of that panting mountain of flesh. She walked off in her dignified way, and as unceremoniously entered the room of our bride and groom.

The bride was sobbing, the groom just at that moment making use of the over full wash-bowl, but when he beheld the "fat one," he swore at her, telling her to "get out of that instanter, and send some one who could do them some good." So she backed into the hall calling out "Joe, Joe," and moved her stately form out of sight. The groans and cries still continued. Joe, a small, pale lad appeared on the scene, bearing cups of hot tea, brandy and water, slop pails and brooms. When next we looked out we observed the "fat one" seated on a trunk at the lower end of the hall, with a tea kettle of hot water at her feet, a tea pot at her elbow, and various bottles, sugar bowls, biscuits and so forth on the trunk before her, from which medley she was concocting various messes for the sufferers. They were impatient, she was not. Did you ever see a fat person in a hurry?

The racket increased, for now children were waking up and calling for attention from those who were unable to give it.

We had heard of a "ladies' cabin," and now thought we would go in search of it, hoping to find a quiet corner. Joe pointed it out to us, and we entered. It was not the sumptuous parlor we had expected to see, but a little ten by twelve apartment surrounded with cushioned seats, a table taking up the entire centre with just room to pass around it. On the cushioned seats reclined nurses and babies; that is, the nurses reclined, but the babies did not. In a den as this, it had never been my lot to see before. Evidently there had been considerable sea sickness therein during the night; even the table, with its load of outer garments, had not escaped. We left in haste, and stood lonely and disconsolate, looking out over the calm sea until we heard the bell for the children's breakfast, and then, willing to be taken for nurses or mother, we entered the saloon with the very few who were able to attend that meal.

At our own breakfast hour a very small number sat down to partake thereof, and some of these had to leave in haste before eating a mouthful.

By ten o'clock the scene on deck was really pitiful. Attentive husbands and brothers had coaxed or carried their charges up for the sake of pure air, and there they lay on all sorts of made-up beds, some patient, some not; and active waiters were climbing the side ladders with coffee, biscuits, &c., the very sight and smell of which made the invalids fairly groan.

There was very little sociability that day or the next. The sick thought only of themselves, their friends only of the sufferers. So we passed a long dull day, looking in vain for the pleasures of a sea voyage.

Thinking, perhaps, the ladies' cabin might be in better trim during the latter part of the day, we entered at 4 P. M., with the hope of being able to write a few lines in our journal. Two tired mothers were there lying on the seats, with their poor irritable little charges held close to their breasts to keep them from rolling from the narrow cushions. The "fat one" sat enthroned in a corner with a glass of Bass ale in her hand, which her attendant "Joe" had just brought her. She eyed us as we took a seat opposite, and before we were fairly seated arose and said: "Will you rise, mam? I must get to the locker." Of course we got up, and with some interest watched her movements. She raised the crimson cushion on which we had hoped to recline, then raised a lid, and disclosed a—well, she had called it a locker, so I suppose that is the name given to these hollows under the cushioned seats. While she held the lid up for a moment, I caught sight of crackers, cheese, medicine bottles, brandy bottles (mostly empty), soiled clothing, packages of sugar, oranges, &c. No wonder the place smelled so badly. We never tried sitting in the "ladies' cabin" after that.

On the 3d day the sea was quite rough, the wind blowing fiercely, but no real storm. We were glad now to spend hours in our dark little state room, to get out of sight, if not out of sound, of the groans and expressed fears of many nervous passengers, who insisted that there was a *great storm*, and kept constantly asking "when it would be over," if the danger was not great, and so on.

Now was the time for "the polite officers" to do their part by encouraging the timid. But in place of doing so, they only gave brief and very gruff replies to all questions. Indeed the officers seemed to have very little to do with, or say, to the passengers. Of course we could see a red faced man on each bridge, and as they had gilt bands around their caps, and looked very stern, we knew them to be officers, but which was captain, or mate, or surgeon, but few learned.

All the bad weather for six or eight days was accounted for by our being *off* the banks of Newfoundland." (Then how must it be *on* the banks!) Every cold blast was said to come from these, and as the whole trip from New York to Liverpool only lasted ten days, we thought those "cold banks" must be very long indeed, and felt that they were the only banks we would like to have break.

About the seventh day some of our invalids crawled out of their berths, and tried some of the *various (?)* amusements said to be prepared for their entertainment. The most popular of these seemed to be "shuffleboard," played on the lower-deck; here, shielded from the wind by the high bulwarks, some of our male passengers labored for hours to shove some round pieces of wood, with holes in the middle, on to certain chalk marks. At this cheering game they would labor earnestly for hours between meals—their wives and daughters, with cloaks and hoods, standing patiently looking on, not in the least understanding the game, but vainly wishing to be asked to partake in it, as they, too, needed exercise. Boys and young men on the other side, were trying to throw rings of rope over upright pegs; and the poor women thought even that might be amusing, as nothing as an exercise, if they only had a chance to try it.

As the fresh provisions brought from New York became stale, our meals were not so good as at first. Nearly all the sick had now recovered—and were, of course, all the more ready to eat after their sea-sickness. Our brides ventured up on deck in their fresh costumes, but not looking very fresh themselves; and we heard one of them remark, that the usual bridal-trip she took would not be a sea-voyage.

On the morning of the ninth day out, we were told that Queenstown would soon be in sight. We saw no one who was sorry to hear that our voyage would soon end. Many who had intended going on to Liverpool, concluded now to land at Queenstown, thus leaving the ship twenty-four hour sooner.

Land at last! The Irish coast! How we hurried up on deck—admired the ancient watch-towers, so plainly visible even at a distance, where once signal fires were lighted, from hill to hill the warning sent, for good or bad news, as the case might be. How useless now in these days of telegraphs. We wondered at the barenes of the hills, so few trees; but the grass was green on the Emerald Isle.

Queenstown at last, with its tall, white light-house; and a boat coming to take passengers and baggage.

Some hurried farewell, to the friend of a week; letters sent, and received; newspapers gladly accepted; and we were again under way; o're the Queenstown's boat was out of sight.

A dull, dreary day after this little excitement. Every one retired early that night, wishing to feel fresh and in spirits the next day. Trunks were packed, everything carefully put away; and those who could sleep, did so. By eight o'clock, (an early hour on ship-board,) we were all up, and most of us on deck. We did make a pretence to eat breakfast, but few could tell whether the coffee was good, or the steak tender.

At ten o'clock, Liverpool! The first thing a stranger notices here, are the miles and miles of docks—said to be the finest in the world. They are truly wonderful.

Here, as at Queenstown, our vessel did not take us quite to the city, but we were quickly transferred to one of the many boats kept for this purpose, and soon landed, with our baggage, at the custom-house on the floating landing.

We were not detained long here, as we carried no contraband goods; and we soon followed the porters up the steep bridge or stair, or whatever it may be called, to where our cab awaited us. How pleasant to be on land once more. The first thing we noticed during our drive to the hotel, was the enormous horses. Never had we beheld such huge beasts in America. Their feet are like those upon elephants.

But, oh, joy, we were out of the ship! that was happiness enough in itself. And when we were shown to our rooms in that splendid new hotel, the railroad house, at the terminus of the North-Western railway, and called the North-Western Hotel; we were perfectly happy, and fairly danced for joy. Never before had we known how to "take miles of pleasure in mine ease," until we had taken a sea voyage and tried that lauded "Life on Shipboard."

And here we make our bow; but first let me say a word in favor of the North-Western Hotel. We were strangers, but they did not send us up to the garret because we did not stipulate for a lower room.

The affable lady clerk gave us a card, after taking our name, and an attentive servant led us to a very pleasant room on the second floor, the windows of which looked out upon the busy streets, and St. George's Hall immediately opposite. This room was not only neatly, but beautifully furnished, a gilded iron-bedstead with heavy brocade curtains, the same over the windows. When at our request a meal was set for us in this, our private room, and we for the first time began a meal with fried soles, we were happy indeed. So long as we remained there our every want was supplied, and at reasonable charges. So our first impressions of Liverpool were pleasant indeed.

THE SONGS OF THE BIRDS.

There is a beautiful propriety in the order in which singing-birds fill up the day with their pleasing harmony. The accordance between their songs and the aspect of nature, at the successive periods of the day at which they sing, is so remarkable, that one cannot but suppose it to be the result of a benevolent design. First, the robin—not the lark, as has been generally imagined—as soon as twilight has drawn an imperceptible line between night and day, begins his artless song. How sweetly does this harmonize with the soft dawning of the day! He goes on till the twinkling sunbeams begin to tell him that his notes no longer accord with the rising sun. Up starts the lark, and with him a variety of sprightly songsters, whose lively notes are in a perfect correspondence with the gayety of the morning. The general warbling continues, with now and then an interruption by the transient note of the raven, the scream of the jay, or the pert chattering of the daw. The nightingale, unwearied by the vocal exertions of the night, joins his inferiors in sound, in the general harmony. The thrush is wisely placed on the summit of some lofty tree, that its piercing notes may be softened by distance before they reach the ear; while the mellow blackbird seeks the lower branches. Should the sun, having been eclipsed by a cloud, shine forth with fresh effulgence, how frequently we see the goldfinch perch on some blossomed bough, and hear the song poured fourth in a strain peculiarly energetic; while the sun, full shining on his beautiful plumes, displays his golden wings and crimson crest to charming advantage. Indeed, a burst of sunshine in a cloudy day, or after a heavy shower, seems always to wake up a new gladness in the little musicians and incite them to an answering burst of minstrelsy. As evening advances, the performers gradually retire, and the concert softly dies away. At sunset the robin again sends up his twilight song, till the still more serene hour of night sends him to his bower of rest. And now, in unison with the darkened earth and sky, no sooner is the voice of the robin hushed, then the owl sends forth his slow and solemn tones, well adapted to the serious hour.

THE MORNING STAR.

Venus is at her brightest now, and is a brilliant object in the eastern sky before the dawn. We had the good fortune to catch a glimpse of the starry queen yesterday, just as the stars were paling in the first glimmer of morning light.

A charming sight it was to behold the fairest of the stars hanging in the sky like a golden lamp, whose beams came to our eyes through the intricate network of the brown branches of the elms, shorn of their last leaves by the recent storm.

The star was alone in her glory, and as we watched her, she took on as many phases as a chameleon, now hanging like a lamp suspended by golden chains, now gleaming like a diamond, now tinged with the changing hues of the opal, and now appearing like a brilliant sapphire.

We never saw a more beautiful view of the planet than the one we have attempted to describe. She took on the aspect of a young moon rather than that of a star, and the sight of her lovely face is well worthy the trouble which is needed to obtain it.

The planet Venus is now passing from her inferior to her superior conjunction. During this period, commencing on the 26th of last September, and continuing for 292 days, she is on the west side of the sun, rises before him, and is our morning star. On the first of November she reached her point of greatest brilliancy, and on the sixth of December she will reach her greatest western elongation, or greatest apparent distance from the sun. Those, therefore, who wish to see the morning star under the most favorable circumstances, must improve the present opportunity.—*Providence Journal.*

KEEP WARM IN THE COLD.

We hear much about the danger of "coddling" and of the hardening effects of exposure, and much that is very true; yet many people think that in order to "harden themselves" they should be clothed thinly during exposure, and that the toughening process consists in feeling cold. This is a great mistake. Between the sensation of chilliness and the fact of being in the cold, there is the greatest difference in the world. To suffer from cold is injurious, except when the feeling is momentary and is followed by a brisk reaction, as in the case of the glow that a healthy person feels after a plunge into cold water. But to become cold without reaction, is always a strain upon the constitution. Persons who go thinly clad during the winter season, or who neglect to adapt their clothing to the summer changes of weather, put their health in risk. Thus a frequent cause of illness is the habit of sitting unprotected upon the doorsteps during the cool summer evenings, of which we have so many that follow a hot day. Do not be afraid of "coddling" your elf on such occasions by adding a light shawl or overcoat to your dress when you feel chilly. You will toughen yourself fast enough in the winter time. But to accomplish this end, you must keep yourself, either by exercise or by dress, always comfortably warm. Under these conditions you can not expose yourself too much. We knew a young man who undertook to strengthen himself by going without an overcoat in the winter time; the experiment resulted fatally. To toughen rapidly, always remember to keep warm in the cold.

TASTEFULNESS IN ATTIRE.

Every one will acknowledge that it is necessary, in order to secure that elegant appearance so constantly sought for, and so seldom accomplished, to exercise great taste in the selection of goods, their colors, their styles and their combinations. Every different complexion requires different shades of color; every variety of figure requires different styles of dress; every occasion suggests propriety in dress suitable to its demands. But how frequently do we find that colors and styles are selected only at the caprice of fashion, without a single thought as to personal requirements. We therefore find on every side the grossest violations of taste committed by those who aim at perfection in appearance. A blonde lady will be arrayed in colors that can only be worn by brunettes, and that on rare occasions, while a brunette will be attired in colors that are utterly unsuitable. If these two could exchange they would both be much advantaged in appearance. A lady, submitting to the mandates of fashion, is dressed in a style that renders her more portly in appearance, and effect exactly the opposite to that at which she aimed, and a tall slender lady has her clothing made in a fashion that renders her a gaunt and ungainly spectacle. Until these glaring faults are corrected, we must expect to have all our ideas of taste violated in the matter of dress.

A WILD FAMILY.—The Pittstown (Penna.) Comet reports a visit, in company with the Pittstown chief of police, to the cabin of a recluse named Welles Parks, in the wilds of the Wyoming district. He was found in the act of burrowing a cellar under his hut for greater warmth during the coming winter. His two idiot children, aged respectively twenty-two and twenty-three, a young man and young woman, were at large *in the* woods, entirely nude, and came to *the cabin* at their father's call like *docile animals*. They were *alarmed at the strangers* and darted for a *pile of straw*, in which they cowered. The old man Parks talked well, interlarding his discourse with copious quotations from the Bible.

"WATCH, MOTHER, WATCH."

Mother, watch the little feet
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Hanging round, and mill, and hall;
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it costs:
Little feet will go astray
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask
"Why the use this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother, watch the little tongue
Prattling eloquent and wild,
What is said and what is sung
By the happy, joyous child!
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken:
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother, watch the little heart
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep, oh keep that young heart true:
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed,
Harvest rich you then may see
Ripening for eternity.

FAITHLESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Basil Wayne sat down upon the cliffs, and watched the scene before him with very tender thoughts coming and going in his heart, like the white sea-birds flitting to and fro along the shore.

Below his feet the ocean stretched itself out, wierd, vast, illimitable. The waves sparkled in the soft September sunlight, and broke lazily in upon the beach in subdued murmurs. The air was full of hazy languor. The sky full of warmth and tenderness. Occasionally white sails, showing dimly against the purple horizon passed his line of vision and faded like phantom ships in the distance, and were lost to view. Birds flapped slowly along the beach, or perched upon the crags, sunning their wings before taking flight to other lands.

Basil Wayne was "sunning his wings" that afternoon. At nightfall he must take his flight to another land, and years go by before he could return.

The flutter of a scarlet shawl down the shore aroused him from the reverie into which he had fallen.

"She is coming," he said, and a tender light broke over his face, and he sang in a voice made rich and sweet with the love which found utterance in it:

"She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed,
My dust would hear her and beat
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and blossom in her feet,
And blossom in purple and red."

She came up the rocky pathway, with the light breeze blowing her hair all about her fair face; a woman with bewilderingly blue eyes and dainty lips, and cheeks like the hearts of wild roses.

"Were you singing that for me, Basil?" she asked, coming up to him and putting her hand in his.

"All for you, Maud," he answered, holding her hand close. "All for you, darling."

"It is pleasant to think that there is some one who would be true to you in a world as false as this would have us believe this is," she said, smiling into his face as she spoke, her brown hair blown by the wind about her like a vapor of sunshine. To Basil Wayne she seemed like some picture of a saint as she stood there before him, outlined against the purple haze of the western sky. Love so transfigures commonest clay to us, that we count it finest ware that ever left the hands of the Great Modeler. Maud Moore was Basil's saint. She was all things fair and beautiful to him. He saw her face in his dreams, and heard her flute-like voice calling his name in the silent hours of night, and so, loving her with the strength and devotion of a man's strong heart which had never loved before, he saw the world in a different light than it had ever worn for him before and was happy.

"I cannot make it seem that I have come here to say good-bye to you," she said. "We have been so happy this brief, sweet summer! The days have gone by so swiftly that I have not taken note of their flight, and it seems like a dream when I think that you are going away. Years—three such long and lonesome years, must elapse before we shall meet again. I shall miss you so, Basil."

"Not more than I shall miss you," he answered. "Men may not love with more constancy than women, but I think they do with more intensity. At least a person of my nature, who can love but once in a lifetime. For me in all the world there can be but one Maud. Loving her I could never love another woman."

"Don't forget that," she said, archly. "You men call us women false and fickle, but I doubt if your record would be fairer in that respect if we knew the truth about you. Women's lives are known to all the world, while men keep theirs out of sight in a great measure."

"Some men are false, I know," he answered. "But I can never be. That you may believe, come what may. Always trust me, Maud. I know that you will always be true to me, darling, and in death or life I shall be faithful to the only woman I have ever loved."

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And so they sat together on the cliffs and talked, while the sun sank lower and lower adown the hazy western sky, and shone like a great red eye of fire in the purple vapors piled about the horizon.

And at the sunset time they kissed goodbye and parted. He to go beyond the sea which stretched before them so wide and vast, and she to wait for his coming back, and count the long, slow days that must elapse before he came again.

So she told him, and so he believed. And he was not the first man who believed a woman's words, and he will not be the last. So long as earth is green and time lasts, a man will believe the words of the woman he loves.

And thank God! *all* women are not false. Some we *may* believe, and by such women as these man judges those which may prove false to him.

A black, angry sky. Great masses of clouds skurrying across the scene, with vivid flashes of lightning darting through them and lighting them up luridly, and making a wild, weird effect, which a painter would have given the world to put upon canvas. The wind blew in great gusts from the sea, and howled among the rocks in mad merriment. The waters were lashed against the shore in white clouds of spray, and dashed themselves up the cliffs in the vain effort to reach the top, where men were watching the storm with anxious glances.

"A terrible gale," one old fisherman said to another as he shivered in the cold, searching wind, which drove in landward, laden with mist and spray.

"Aye, aye," answered his companion. "It will be rough on any vessel trying to make land to-night."

Boom, boom!

Men shuddered and looked at each other with pitying faces as that sound came over the sullen roar of wind and waters to their ears.

"The signal gun," an old sailor said, straining his eyes through the mist and vapor in the direction from which the sound had come.

"I see the ship," cried another, pointing out to sea. "Her rigging is all cut away, and only the bare hull is left, but I doubt if that stands this tearing gale till morning."

"We can do nothing for the crew," the other sailor said. "A boat couldn't live a minute in such a sea as this. It would be swamped a rod from shore. We can do nothing but wait. Perhaps we may be able to render some assistance if the ship should go to pieces."

Boom, boom!

Again that signal of distress, sounding like the muffled beat of a distant drum on a stormy battle-field, came echoing on landward.

"Poor souls! I pity them!" a woman said, as clinging to her husband's arm she climbed the cliff. "Can no help be afforded them?"

"None at all," her husband answered. "It would be certain death to venture out in such a gale."

Maud Vivian stood there while the wind howled and shrieked in the stunted pines upon the cliffs, and thought of what had taken place there on an Autumn afternoon three years before. There, on that very cliff, she had said good-bye to Basil Wayne, and promised to be true and faithful to him, and now she stood there as John Vivian's wife.

Ah well! So went the world! She had meant to be true and faithful. She had loved him, but she believed now that she had made the discovery that love isn't all there is to live for in life. Wealth and position go a great ways in making life what we imagine it ought to be.

She had answered Basil Wayne's letters regularly at first. She liked to get his letters because they told her how he dreamed of her, and how he loved her, and it is pleasant for a woman to know that some one loves her. Living there in that quiet little fishing town, she had never had much love given her, and Basil Wayne's was very welcome, very pleasant, and Basil was so much above the other men she knew that his love was all the pleasanter. There was something about him, coming as he did from the great outside world of which she knew so little, which elevated him in her opinion, and made his affection for her grand and sweet. So she thought at first, but absence dimmed the fervor of her love, if it did not Basil's, and after John Vivian came and began his wooing, her letters to her absent lover grew fewer, and shorter, and by-and-by when John Vivian asked her to be his wife and she consented, they stopped wholly.

She knew that she did not care for the man whose wife she became. She never could give him more than regret, but he had wealth, and wealth can blind us to duty and truth, and make us cheat ourselves into believing a lie. For, though absence dimmed the glow of her love for Basil Wayne, it did not kill it, and she loved him as well as she was capable of loving any one, when she spoke the words which made her the wife of another, though she tried to believe that what she had called love was a sort of very ardent friendship.

But a year of married life had removed that delusion, and as the time came nearer when Basil was to come back from beyond the sea, she knew that life with him would have held much more in it of pure happiness than gold could ever buy her. I do not know as I can make you see this woman as I see her—a woman recreant to her promises; yet loving Wayne as well as she could love any man; and yet, after all, a woman not capable of loving with much depth or intensity. Not a woman to die for love by any means, and yet a woman, who, despite all her fickleness and weakness, would sometimes feel a humbling thought of remorse for what she had done, and regret for what she had lost, steal in upon her hours of loneliness.

Something of this was in her mind as she stood there and watched the sea.

"See! see!" cried the old sailor, pointing out above the gloom of the waters. "The ship's going to pieces! It's struck the rocks."

There was a moment of silence and indecision among the sailors and fishermen. Then they clambered down the rocks to the beach, and began an anxious walk up and down the shore.

By-and-bye a cry told that something had rewarded their watching. Peering down through the spray Maud Vivian saw two men bearing a body between them.

"Let's go down," she said to her husband.

"We may be able to help them."

They made their way down the cliff, and found a little crowd already collected about the body. A fisherman held a flask of brandy to a man's lips. Presently a faint sigh escaped them, and signs of consciousness came back to his face.

"Let me see him," Maud said, and made her way through the group of men to where the half-drowned man was lying in the shelter of a jutting rock.

"Basil!—my God!" she cried, as the men fell back before her, and she caught sight of his white face.

At the sound of his name, and of *her* voice, the one voice in the world to him, Basil Wayne opened his eyes, and saw her standing there before him.

"Maud!" he whispered, faintly. "Is it you, or am I dreaming? I never thought to see you again. It will be easier to die now."

She went and knelt down beside him and lifted his head upon her knee.

"I am dying," he said, in a weak, tired way. "But I shan't dread it much with you beside me. I'm sorry to go away and leave you, but I know you'll be true to me, for you love me, Maud, and you'll be mine just the same when I am dead."

His words cut her to the heart like a knife. He thought her true to him, and she was so false to him and to herself!

"Kiss me, Maud. I'm going, I think."

She glanced at her husband. He motioned for her to gratify the man's wish. She bent down and kissed him once and again, her tears falling on his face.

"Good-bye," he whispered. "You'll be true, I know, and over there—over there—"

The words faltered on his lips, his hands fluttered a moment, and then were still. He was dead.

He had died believing her true to him, and it was better so—better so! *Over there* it will all be made right, I think.

HOW TO HANDLE GUNS.

The following rules should be observed when you take a gun into your hands; Whenever you take a gun into your hands, inquire if it is loaded. Should there be no person to answer you, if the gun is a muzzle loader, place the butt on the ground outside the left foot, having previously fixed the hammer at half-cock, and holding the muzzle in a forward direction, clear of your person, draw the ramrod and insert it gently in the barrel. If there is a charge in it, you will feel the thud of the ramrod upon it, while the rod's upper end will project about three fingers' breadth above the muzzle. Should the piece not be loaded, the ramrod will sink right down, and the broad metal end will soon announce the empty barrel by the tap against the breech plug. Never handle a loaded gun except for the purpose of discharging it; and never, at any time, either in jest or earnest, point a gun, loaded or unloaded, at any living thing you don't deliberately intend to kill.

☞ Photographs of the cow that is alleged to have kicked over the lamp that set Chicago on fire, are sold in that city for 25 cents. The owners of several cows have already amassed considerable money in this way.

BETWEEN.

BY JOSEPHINE DOLLARD.

Between the cradle and the grave,
Our coming and our going,
There stretches out an Eden-land,
Where all good things are growing,
Good things of God's bestowing:
Between the cradle and the grave,
Our coming and our going.

Between the morning and the night,
The blooming and the fading,
Great ships that come from fragrant lands,
Their precious freights unlading,
Pursue their friendly trading.
Between the morning and the night,
The blooming and the fading.

Between thy heart and mine, beloved,
What wealth of bliss is lying!
What fragrant clusters of delight,
The fronts of Time defying!
The wine of life supplying!
Between thy heart and mine, beloved,
An Eden-land is lying.

THE STORY OF TWO OUTCASTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY RETT WINWOOD.

"Mercy on me!"

Barbara Saul had counted on finding old clothes, boots and shoes, and other representatives of nastiness in the gutters of Rag alley; but here was something that, to her bewildered senses, seemed a combination of all three with some sort of a human soul animating them.

It was twelve by the city clock. A glossy darkness pervaded every nook and corner of Rag alley. Returning home to her humble lodging, Barbara had struck her foot against this mysterious object in the gutter, and had been nearly thrown down by it.

The cry she gave was wholly involuntary. Neither was it very loud. But singularly enough (?), one of the night patrolmen heard it, and came hurrying up with his lantern that flashed a pale gloom through the darkness.

"Was it you, ma'am, that screeched out just now?" he asked, sharply.

Barbara felt half vexed with him for his incivility.

"Yes," she answered, in a curt tone of voice, "I did scream. Will you be good enough to tell me what that is lying in the gutter yonder?"

The patrolman flashed the light of his lantern over the object in question.

"Humph!" he muttered, recoiling a pace or two. "It's a man."

Barbara was watching him with her eyes very wide open. In fact, she was prepared for some such announcement. Even while she gazed, out of that incongruous bundle there seemed to stalk the vision of a human face—a face that was pale, and passionate, and beautiful, pure of profile, with a bronze-like glitter in the silken beard, and warm gleams in the yellowish-brown hair; in short, such a face as she had seen in her dreams, perhaps, but never in her waking hours.

She stepped nearer, feeling pained and shocked, somehow.

"What's the matter?" she said, eagerly. "Is he hurt? Is he dead?"

"Drunk," growled the patrolman.

For a minute she grew sick, and turned to go. But after six receding steps she went back again, drawn by an impulse over which she had no control.

"What will you do with the poor fellow?" she asked, after having stolen a second glance into that pale, perfect face.

"Take him to the station-house, of course."

"No, no! He mustn't go there."

"Where then?"

"My room is up the second stair-way from this. I think we could manage to get him there, between us."

She flushed to the roots of her hair as she said this. The patrolman turned his lantern upon her face, and looked at her very keenly.

"Is the poor wretch a friend of yours, Miss?" he asked, after a short silence.

"No," angrily. "But I can't leave him to die in the street. I'm not such a brute as that."

The man laughed.

"Humph! Who said anything about leavin' him here? I reckon you mean all right, Miss—so take my lantern and heave ahead. Something must be done with the poor devil—that's certain."

Barbara's heart fluttered with fear as she obeyed. She was taking so strange, so unwarrantable a step! But a very varied experience of twenty-five years in this most marvellous of worlds, had rendered her more indifferent to appearances than the majority of her sex, perhaps. Besides, that pale, perfect face danced before her mental vision in such an appealing manner, that she found it impossible to turn coldly away.

The patrolman was a big, burly fellow, and easily succeeded in swinging her drunken Apollo over his shoulders. Though staggering a little under the burden, he manfully followed Barbara along the pavement and up three flights of stairs to the little back room she occupied,

It was a clean nest of a place, and quite comfortably furnished. The patrolman laid his limp burden on the couch, and then took his departure.

He was scarcely gone, however, before Barbara wished him back again. She was naturally a very modest woman—squeamish about situations. Notwithstanding that her modesty had been put to a rather hard school, where some of the finer points had been worn off, she now began to feel frightened and uneasy over what she had done.

It was something new to have a man in the room, whether young or old, handsome or ugly, and she didn't fully like the sensation. Strange as it may appear, this woman who bore without flinching the rude gaze and ruder chaff of the disreputable frequenters of a Bowery "saloon," where she nightly played the piano from seven until twelve—this woman grew hot and cold by turns at the thought of watching there alone with the senseless figure of that man!

Somehow she could scarcely take her fascinated gaze from off it. It was a magnet that drew her eyes straight to it. "I wonder if the poor fellow has sisters, or a mother, or—a sweetheart," she muttered, with a whimsical shrug of her shoulders.

He looked so handsome, and his countenance wore such an expression of sensibility and refinement, that she could not doubt but that some woman's heart was aching for him.

"For the sake of that woman, be she what she may, I'll be kind to him," she thought.

She had never seen much of the romantic side of life—this pale, earnest-eyed woman of twenty-five. But a latent susceptibility of that sort lurked unsuspected in her nature. Of course there could be but very little romance connected with this drunken Sir Launcelot, but she was ready to seize upon that little and make the most of it.

Barbara Saul could no more have told why she had had that man brought to her room than you or I can, dear reader. It was a sudden impulse, born of her pity and interest, perhaps. No matter. It is sufficient to say that she was as much bewildered over what she had done as any third person could have been.

She blushed and trembled, sitting there

within hearing of his heavy breathing. But for her sterling good sense, she would have fled from the room and left him to recover as best he might.

As it was, the instant she could withdraw her fascinated gaze she took her chair to the farthest corner of the room, and sat for hours with her back turned upon the drunken Apollo.

She had not changed her position when the gray light of dawn stole into the apartment. At last she heard a deep sigh or two, a rustling about the couch, and the sound of two feet being set firmly upon the floor. Then, flushing and trembling from head to foot, she wheeled round in her chair.

It was no time for any silliness on her part; so, in a low but steady tone of voice she said, "Good-morning."

The man looked at her, and then around the room in a bewildered way. "Where am I?" he asked.

Barbara's heart beat fast and hard. What must this handsome stranger think of her, and of what she had done? His flashing blonde beauty seemed more wonderful than ever by the glaring light of day. In spite of his dejected air and shabby clothes—these last were very shabby indeed—Barbara felt that she was in the presence of a superior. It was hard, so very hard to make confession to him.

"This is my room," she said, bluntly and briefly; "and I am Barbara Saul."

A burning blush overspread his pallid face. He seemed to comprehend the truth on the instant, for he put up his hand in a half-beseeching gesture.

"You were very good," he faltered. "But you might better have left me to die in the street. That is what I wanted—to die."

The voice was cultivated and musical, but very pathetic. There was something terrible in the gloom and despair that looked out of those melting blue eyes. Choking down a sob, Barbara held out her hand with a smile of winning frankness.

"I'm afraid you are in trouble, sir," she said, gently.

He took her hand and raised it to his lips with the courteous grace of a gentleman.

"Trouble is nothing new in this world, and so does not wear the charm of novelty," he smiled, turning as if to go. "Had I been happy and prosperous, I should not have been in the condition in which you found me last night." Here he dropped his head, and there was a choking sound in his throat. "God bless and guard you, miss," he added, with sudden and sharp vehemence.

His hand was on the door-latch. Yielding to the shrinking modesty that renders her sex so charming, Barbara felt for one instant that she had better let him go. Then, seeing the terrible hopelessness expressed in his face, she dared not do it.

"Stay!" she cried, catching hold of his ragged coat-sleeve. "Come back, and tell me something about yourself. You ought to do it."

He smiled a little at this expression of interest. "Do you care to hear?" he said, wearily. "Then you shall."

He came back and sat down by the window, leaning his elbow on the sill.

The story he told was somewhat unique. His name was Vance Stuyvesant. His father was a wealthy New Yorker, but one of those stern, strictly just men who can find it so hard to overlook shortcomings in another. Briefly he, Vance, had fallen into bad ways, been cast off by his righteous father, and so, feeling himself alone in the world, had gone from bad to worse.

"Now," he ended by saying in his listless way, "you know why I took my last dime to drown my sorrows in drink. I hoped never to wake from that drunken stupor. I was a beggar, friendless and homeless. I have no profession and don't know how to work; and there is no room in this busy world for such as I. It is so much easier to die than to live."

"And so much more cowardly," interpolated Barbara.

He gave a sudden start. "You don't know what it is to be without food or money or a shelter," he said, quickly. "You don't know what it is to be an outcast from your kind."

"You are wrong," she answered, "for I do know."

He eyed her meditatively, but asked no question.

"It is never too late to mend," she said, after a long silence. "Go back to your father."

"Never!" and a vivid flash came into those sorrowful blue eyes. "He must make the first overtures. I can starve, but I can't do that."

Barbara understood this sort of pride, and was glad because of it. It proved to her that there was really something strong and noble in the man, if he could only be roused from the great despair that had taken possession of him."

"Never mind that now," she said, forcing a smile of encouragement. "I am going to get some breakfast. Afterwards we will have another talk."

She bustled about cheerfully, this brave-hearted little woman—toasting the bread and setting the coffee to steep. In a very few minutes a simple but abundant repast was spread upon the table. Vance Stuyvesant had watched the preparations with the keen interest of a hungry man. But, when at last he drew up his chair so as to face his charming hostess at the table, he ate but sparingly.

It is wonderful—the love of life with which even coffee and a little toast can inspire us! Give a would-be suicide a dainty banquet, and, ten to one, his life is saved. So goes the world.

The young man became talkative, and almost gay. Barbara watched him, delighted. Don't think, however, that her misgivings were all gone. Oh, no. She was still painfully alive to the delicacy of the situation. But a sense of duty kept her steadfast.

When breakfast was over, she gently led the conversation back to its former channel. "I am anxious to help you," she said frankly.

"Perhaps I can. Tell me what you can do, and we will see."

Vance hesitated a good while before replying. At last he told her that he was considered somewhat clever with the pen. He might do something in the way of sketches for the magazines. But that would require time, a little money, and a room to work in. Neither of these last were at his command. He might fail, in any event.

But Barbara saw that she was on the right track, and kept straight ahead. "You shall have a chance to try your strength," she said. "I know there is a vacant room in the fourth story, and—and—I have a little money laid by."

Her face flushed hotly. There came a sudden rush of tears to his eyes. He caught Barbara's hand and wrung it hard.

"God bless you," he faltered. "Everything might have been different if I had sooner found such a friend. I know all you would say to me. For your sake more than my own, I accept the generous offer you would make. I will try to make a man of myself."

She only smiled sweetly upon him—her heart was too full for words.

Presently, though not without some misgivings, she went down stairs to seek her landlady, and discuss the matter of the vacant room in the attic. Fortunately, she found Mrs. Green not at all inclined to be squeamish, or even inquisitive; she only demanded of Miss Saul the assurance that the rent should be paid promptly.

Then began a very singular life for our heroine. She had an immortal soul to keep out of the slough of despond—to save from the yawning jaws of hell. Perhaps you may think her a queer sort of person for such a work; but she did it nobly. That neat little room in Rag alley was never redolent of the foul and fœtid atmosphere that pervaded the Bowery saloon where she earned her living.

Several days passed before Vance Stuyvesant knew the manner in which she supported herself. Then, he had dropped in one morning for a little chat, as was his habit. They had talked for some minutes, when he said suddenly:

"Your face has not seemed new to me, even from the first. It can't be that I ever met you until of late?"

She caught her breath sharply. Low as was the condition in which she had found this man, she shrank from telling him the truth as regarded herself. But it must be told, sooner or later. Why not now?"

"It is possible," she said, quietly. "Where you ever in Old Giles's saloon in the Bowery?"

He colored, but nodded his head.

"I play the piano there," her face pale, but her voice distinct and firm.

Vance dropped his forehead in the palm of one hand, and sat some minutes without moving.

"You called yourself an outcast that first morning you were here," Barbara resumed, touchingly. "You see there are two of us."

"He looked up quickly at that. "No matter," he said. "There is no slime on your garments, at least. You are pure and clean. I know it."

"I," she returned, proudly. "I am pure and clean. God has kept me so. I trust in Him still."

"Why should you go to such a place?"

"I could do nothing else. I was always poor. I couldn't sew, and I didn't know enough to teach. But I had an ear for music, and picked up a good many tunes. Old Giles hired me. I've been with him five years, now, and every year I've laid by a few dollars, hoping—"

She paused abruptly. She was telling more than she wished to have known. But Vance guessed the part she kept back.

"There never was another woman like you," he exclaimed, brokenly.

He comprehended the strange sort of martyrdom her life had been—the loathing and horror she had of her work, while yet feeling compelled to keep it up. It's a wrong idea to suppose that all our heroines die at the stake, and he knew it.

Barbara flushed a little under his admiring glance. "There have been thousands of better women," she said, humbly. "Now let us talk of something else."

Our unique heroine had a wholesome fear of Mrs. Grundy and of Mrs. Grundy's opinions. There was something that would be considered indelicate in her friendship for the man she had befriended. Therefore, after a little, she came to be very guarded in manifesting it. But, in secret, it was cherished none the less tenderly. She knew that the sacred fire she had kindled might go out yet, if she ceased to breathe upon it.

As for Vance, life seemed to be a terrible struggle for some time. But he had a will of iron, when it was once turned in the right direction. He arose above the pitiful snares and temptations that had hemmed him in. He promised to develop into a glorious manhood and all through this loving woman's help.

He earned very little money for the first two months. Sometimes he was poorly paid for his sketches, and sometimes they were rejected outright. But when his "cash on hand" ebbed low, Barbara always stood ready to make up the deficit out of her own earnings, and to give him an encouraging word.

"You have genius, Vance," she said to him one day when he had been reading over to her an article he had just completed. "Even a poor, ignorant little body like myself can see that. And the world will see it too one of these days, and then you'll be rich, and famous, and courted."

The praise was sweet, and he turned to her with one of his rarest smiles.

"If your prophecy come true," he said, "we will make a sudden exodus from Rag alley."

"We?" she echoed. "You will have no time to think of me then."

"Just heaven! Can I ever forget you!"

She trembled and grew hot with pleasure. It was the first time he had ever spoken his regard for her so plainly. After he had gone away she repeated his words over and over again to herself. "Can I ever forget you?" That sentence might mean so much or so little. Not daring to try to interpret it, she hid her flushed face, and, woman-like, began to sob.

She was fully awakened from her dream, however. She knew now that she was desperately in love with this man, this "golden god" she had literally picked out of the gutter. While freely giving him her money and her sympathy, he had taken all there was left—her heart.

"What can I do?" she murmured, after brooding for hours upon the subject. "If I run away, Vance will go straight to the bad. If I remain I'll be making a bigger fool than ever of myself."

A sacrifice must be made, whichever way she put it. Of course you know now how the dear little woman's cogitations ended. If any burnt offerings were needed, she was beyond a doubt the one to make them. So she remained, and bore her martyrdom like a heroine.

"I'll wait until Vance is rich and has plenty of friends again," she thought; "then he will not mind it so much if I do leave him."

It seemed likely to be a long time to wait. And Barbara felt secretly glad of this. She grew to be almost jealous of Vance's success—for he rose moderately successful. When at last he was able to refund to the the last penny the money she had expended for him, she took the little hoard into her closet and cried over it bitterly.

Now that he was no longer dependant on her in any manner, one of the choicest links that had bound them together seemed to be broken.

About this time Vance fell in with one of his old associates—a gentleman named Montgomery. The encounter took place in Rag alley. Montgomery was driving—Vance trudging along the pavement with a roll of manuscript under his arm. The former cried out sharply, and stopped the carriage.

"Stuyvesant, by all that's lovely!" he exclaimed. "Where in the deuce did you drop from?"

The young man went forward and held out his hand, inwardly anathematizing his quondam friend for recognizing him so readily.

"Where have you been hiding yourself?" Montgomery asked, after the first words of greeting were exchanged.

"Here in Rag alley," was the sullen answer.

"Humph!" shooting a keen glance into the handsome blonde face. "Many of your friends have given you up for dead."

"So much the better," he said, bitterly. "I am dead to them."

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes I do. You'll keep my secret, Montgomery?"

"If I must," reluctantly. Then, after a minute's thinking, he turned and laid both hands on the young man's arm.

"Don't be a fool, Vance," he remonstrated. "Jump in with me and let me drive you home."

"Never!"

Vance swung on his heel.

"Please do not come this way again," he said, and swiftly retraced his steps to his lodgings.

Barbara's room door stood open, and she caught a glimpse of his pallid face—the poor fellow had been terribly shaken by the encounter—as he passed up stairs. Half frightened out of her wits, she ran into the passage and anticipated him.

"What's happened?" she cried.

He sat down on the topmost stair and told her. "Montgomery wanted to take me home," he wound up by saying. "They've found me out, and now others of them will be coming. They'll never rest until they've driven me back into the old way of life again."

"Oh, Vance!"

Something rose in the little woman's throat, and she could utter only these two words. But there must have been a tragical pathos in her voice, for the young man raised his head and looked sharply in her eyes for a minute.

Of course he read her foolish secret there. She felt too miserable just then to seek to hide it.

"Barbara, my good angel," he whispered, and his arm slid about her waist. "Neither father nor friends shall ever separate us two. God bless you, darling! If you wanted my heart's blood you should have it. I owe so much to you."

"Then you will not leave me, Vance?"

"No, no!"

She sobbed hysterically on his shoulder. The great joy of loving and knowing herself beloved made this silly creature almost delirious. But you must remember what a barren waste her life had been until Vance came to beautify it. No wonder she clung to him with a love that had something of idolatry in it.

For two weeks she was happy, ridiculously so. Then came an awakening for which she was scarcely prepared.

It happened in this wise: She was sitting in her room one day, building "castles in Spain," I suppose, when the door opened suddenly, and the loveliest vision of innocent girlhood she had ever seen crossed the threshold.

The next instant two round, plump arms encircled her neck, a waxen cheek delicately touched with pink was laid against her own, and a sweet, bell-like voice asked the question:

"Are you Miss Barbara Saul?"

Our little woman could only nod her head, so great was her bewilderment.

"I knew it," cried the "lovely vision." "I have come to stay with you, Miss Saul. May I?"

"Who are you?" asked Barbara, "and why do you wish to stay with me?"

The plump arms tightened in their embraces, and the pink and white face went out of sight on the little woman's shoulder.

"I'm Elsie Stuyvesant," piped the sweet, coaxing voice. "A sort of second cousin of Vance's, you see, and—and—"

She broke down utterly, and began to sob. As for Barbara, a cold steely hand seemed to clutch suddenly at her heart strings; a chill ran over her from head to foot.

"And you love Vance," she finished, in a voice that startled even herself.

"Yes," sobbed Elsie. "I've loved him ever since I can remember. Don't think me bold for telling this to you, a stranger. I know what you have done for Vance, and I'm glad to tell you."

"Who told you where to find him?"

"Mr. Montgomery. And I learned the rest from—from—others."

Barbara sat like a block of marble. She let the girl kiss and fondle her, and for some minutes said nothing. But she felt sick and weary, for she had that within which made her a diviner.

At last she spoke. "What did you mean by asking if you might stay with me, Miss Stuyvesant?"

"Call me Elsie, please. You see I've been anxious about Vance. I was true to him from first to last. But I didn't know where to seek him. I was nearly crazy with fear, and had to keep it all to myself. At last Mr. Montgomery told me that he had seen my cousin and where."

"Yes, yes."

"Then I ran away from all those hateful people," confessed the sweet voice. "And I'll never go back again unless Vance will go too—that is, if you will let me stay."

"Of course you may remain."

Barbara felt touched by this devotion, and she knew it would not be without its effect upon Vance. She asked herself with a jealous little pang, why he had never spoken of this girl to her. Had it for some reason been too sore a subject?"

"I only hope she is not artful and false," she thought, with some secret misgivings, for somehow it seemed as if Elsie had not dealt frankly with her.

Vance was out, and at least an hour elapsed before he returned. He turned very pale at the first sight of Elsie's plump, doll-like face, and for a few seconds seemed at a loss.

"You, Elsie?" he stammered, looking disconcerted, and not very well pleased.

The girl slipped his hand into his with a pretty coquettish gesture.

"I've found you, Vance," she whispered, "and I don't intend to lose sight of you again. If you will stay in this nasty old Rag alley, why I will stay here too."

He could not help feeling flattered. "You're a darling, Elsie," he exclaimed, squeezing that plump little hand. "Heaven bless you!"

A great deal more was said. Barbara watched the two narrowly. They were so bright and blithe and handsome, she thought, so well suited to each other. What a pity that an ugly, lonesome woman like herself should stand in their way.

"I'll not stand in it," she decided, with a secret pang. "If Vance has only wooed me out of gratitude, he shall have his freedom again. I can't darken his life, or the life of that innocent girl."

Ah, noble-hearted Barbara! You had no idea what a heroine you were at that moment.

That night she only said to Vance, "Don't tell Elsie of our engagement. There will be time enough for that by-and-by. She might not understand it just now."

He colored in some confusion, but yielded the point without a demur.

Barbara waited patiently and silently. She tried to take Elsie to her heart, but, for some reason, failing in that, she all the more willingly shared with her "bed and board," and brought the two, Vance and the girl, together on every possible occasion.

As the days passed, she could not help seeing that he became more and more deeply interested in her younger and fairer rival. "I used to think Elsie a child," he confessed, on one occasion. "But she is developing into a glorious womanhood."

"It is true," said Barbara briefly.

She knew a crisis must come, sooner or later. It seemed so fitting that these two who had passed nearly all their lives among clean people, should belong to each other. She felt old and soiled and careworn beside them. She was not of their kind. If Vance married her, she would always be a burden—her past life always a reproach.

In Elsie's case, everything was so different. It was the one chance, doubtless, of reuniting him to the friends of his more prosperous days.

One morning Vance came into her room while she was sitting there alone. Elsie had stepped out on some errand or other. They were not likely to be interrupted, she thought, and her very heart stood still—she saw her duty so plainly.

Stepping towards him, and looking at him steadily, she said:

"I've been thinking over your affairs and mine, my darling. And I know it is better that we separate. We've made a mistake, and we'd better set it right as soon as possible."

He stared at her in blank surprise. "What can you mean?" he faltered.

"Just what I say," with a wan smile.

"You need a wife who has lived among souls as pure as your own. You know how terribly mine has been tainted."

"I know you are the best woman God ever made," he cried vehemently.

He tried to kiss her hand, her lips, but she resolutely put him away from her.

"I do not possess all your heart, Vance," she went on. "I feel that I never could. There's too wide a gulf between you and me. We'd better not seek to bridge it. Our efforts might end in failure. Let us be wise while wisdom will avail us. Here is my hand, darling, and it is the hand of a friend who will never forsake you; *only* a friend, however, Vance."

He took it, leaned over it in a sort of choked silence. If he had never understood what a great heart throbbed in this woman's bosom, he knew it well enough now.

"Elsie loves you," she said, gently. "And I think you love her. Tell her so, Vance. God meant you to be happy together. Why should a worm like myself shut out the sunlight from your lives? It would be wicked and—I cannot do it!"

Again she pushed him from her. And at this instant the door opened and Elsie flashed in upon the two, as pink and radiant and pretty as a rose-bud.

Catching sight of their pallid faces, she paused, astounded. Her own peach-blossom cheeks began to lose their color, for she was not so dull that she could not divine the truth.

Vance turned upon her, rudely and sternly. His hand fell heavily upon her shoulder, and he pushed her forward until she stood face to face with Barbara.

"Look at that woman, Elsie," he said between his teeth. "She loves me better than her own life. And yet she is willing to give me up to you. *Can* you accept such a sacrifice?"

An angry fire flashed into the girl's eyes. But it was gone in an instant. She dropped her head and turned away her face.

"Love is such a very selfish passion, Vance," she murmured, pathetically. "And I am only a weak girl, you know. I—I—cannot give you up!"

After she had spoken in this manner, Vance stood motionless as a statue for a few minutes. Something like a groan fell from his lips. He looked first at Elsie who had now crept close to his side, shy, blushing, expectant, then his gaze wandered to the still, patient, submissive figure of Barbara Saul.

With a bound he had her in his arms, and kisses and tears were being dropped upon her face.

"There is one thing, and only one, that can come between you and me, Barbara," he said; "and that is—death!"

Did our brave little woman accept the love she could no longer question? To be sure; and all the more willingly when she learned —as she shortly did—that Vance's father had long since been seeking his son, to recall him from his banishment, and that Elsie, who was well aware of this fact, and who was something of an adventuress, after all, had slyly planned, with Montgomery's help, to be beforehand with him, and so make sure of a "slice" of the Shipyeasant property in the best manner possible.

There could be no doubt but that the shallow creature loved our hero as well as she was capable of loving anybody, however.

And Vance? If anything can keep him in the pure and happy way from which he had slipped, he will be kept there by the loving devotion of Barbara—his wife!

"FAITHFUL FOREVER."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. J. CHAMBERS

"Oh, what, while I could hear and see
Such words and looks, was Heaven to me;
Though gross the air on earth we drew,
'Twas blessed while she breathed it too;
Though dark the flowers, though dim the sky,
Love lent them light when she was nigh.
Throughout creation I but knew
Two separate worlds—the one that small,
Beloved and consecrated spot
Where Leah was—the other all
The dull, wide waste where she was not."
—*The Loves of the Angels.*

"You have often asked me," said my friend, Paul Winterton, "why I have never married; why I am so indifferent to the most beautiful and attractive of the female sex; and to-night, while the snow falls and the wind howls wildly, I will tell you the story of my life. You often accuse me of being a woman-hater, but you are utterly mistaken; no man living has a higher opinion of the sex than I, although I may appear cold and cynical."

"Then why do you appear so?" I asked. "You are yet young; a man at thirty-two is in the prime of life. You have health, wealth, and a reasonable share of good looks; many a lovely maiden would marry you gladly, and love you at the same time."

"It may be true. But listen to my story, and then you will not wonder at my actions."

He drew his chair nearer to the fire, threw his cigar upon the glowing coals, and began:

I was left an orphan at an early age. My mother died when I was an infant, and I was only ten years old when my father followed her. We lived upon a small plantation in eastern Virginia; but at my father's death, his estate was found to be mortgaged to the full worth of it; it was sold to pay the debts, and I went to live with my guardian, Mr. Allston, who owned a splendid plantation in an adjoining county. He was an old friend of my father's, and had promised him, on his dying bed, to give me a home with his family, and be to me as a father. How he kept that promise you shall hear.

It was an April morning when Mr. Allston's carriage drew up in front of the elegant mansion which henceforth was to be my home. Everything looked wonderfully grand to my childish eyes: I felt entirely out of place, and longed to creep away somewhere out of sight. Mrs. Allston, a stately, fair-faced lady, came out to meet me, kissed me coldly, and scanned my face and figure curiously. By her side was a handsome, well-dressed boy, two or three years older than myself, who was introduced to me as their nephew, Walter Allston, the probable heir of the estate, as Mr. Allston had no sons of his own, and but one daughter. The lad shook hands with me cordially enough, but at the same time stared at me so rudely that I felt he would never be my friend. And he never was.

When the introductions were over, I took the first opportunity to slip out of the house, and wandered around aimlessly until I found myself in the flower garden, where many choice plants were in bloom. I was bending over a bed of hyacinths, the finest I had ever seen, inhaling their delicious fragrance, when a light hand was laid on my arm, and a merry, childish laugh rang in my ears.

"Who are you, little boy,—and what are you doing here?" said a voice that was like the softest notes of a flute.

I arose, my pale face flushing hotly, and stared in speechless amazement at the little girl by my side. She returned my gaze for a moment, and gave utterance to another happy laugh.

"Oh, I know now who you are," she said; "you are the little boy we were expecting—little Paul Winterton—Cousin Paul I shall call you. I didn't know papa had got back—I was out in the fields."

"And who are you?" I managed to stammer at length.

"Why, I am Ethel Allston; you must call me cousin, and then I will have two cousins, Cousin Paul and Cousin Walter."

Little Ethel was a beautiful child. I could scarcely believe that she belonged to earth, her face was so pure, so spiritual, so saintly. She was about eight years of age, rather tall, with a light and slender form. Her small oval face was very pale, which made her scarlet lips and dark brown more striking. But her greatest beauty was her eyes, which were remarkably large, of a dark hazel color, and shaded by the longest, blackest lashes I have ever seen. The expression of her wonderful orbs varied with every passing emotion—one moment sparkling with merriment, the next swimming in tears.

"Do you like the hyacinths?" she asked, smiling sweetly.

"They are beautiful," I answered, looking from the flowers to her eyes.

"You shall have some of them to take to your room, with some of the other flowers," she said, pulling off several of the graceful spikes. "Now come and see the tulips; they are prettier than the hyacinths, but they don't smell so sweet. You must take a few of each kind, and I will give you a pot to keep them in; you can set them in your window, and look at them whenever you please."

She showed me several other kinds of flowers, all marvellously beautiful in my eyes, and gave me some of each variety; then she hunted up an old flower-pot, filled it with water, and placed the lovely blossoms in it.

"Now I will show you your room, and where to set the flowers," she said.

On our way up-stairs we met Walter Allston coming down.

"What have you got there?" he asked haughtily, glancing at the flowers in my hands.

"They are Cousin Paul's flowers," answered Ethel.

"Cousin Paul!" sneered Walter. "You must have strange notions, Ethel, to call *him* cousin; he's nothing but a poor beggar boy!" With these cruel words, he made a motion as if to snatch the flowers from my hands.

Little Ethel's dark eyes flashed strangely, and her pale cheeks grew scarlet.

"For shame, Walter! I will tell papa if you ever do so again," she said.

The boy laughed insolently, and continued his way down-stairs.

"You mustn't mind him," said my companion's gentle voice. "He is very rude sometimes, but he doesn't mean what he says. Here we are at your room now."

The room set apart for my accommodation was a very small and not over-elegant one; but as I could look down upon the garden from my window, I was highly delighted with the situation. Ethel arranged the flowers in my window, set the furniture to rights about the room, and then turned to leave me.

"Dinner will be ready in a little while," she said, "and after that I want you to go to the fields with me to gather some wild violets. I saw some in bloom in the meadow yesterday."

I gladly promised, trying to smile, but my eyes were full of happy tears.

As soon as dinner was over, little Ethel ran out into the yard, and I lost no time in following.

"Now for the fields," she said, slipping her soft hand in mine. "Come quick, before Cousin Walter comes out, or he will want to go too. I wouldn't care, only he's always so hateful when I want to hunt flowers. He says they are ugly."

"Flowers ugly?" I exclaimed, astonished at such an idea.

"Yes; only think! the violets, and buttercups, and larkspurs, and lilies. I think they are the most beautiful things in the world; but papa doesn't care for them either."

Laughing and talking, innocently happy as only children can be, we went on across the fields until we came to a damp, mossy bank, where the first violets of the season lifted their modest eyes to the genial April sun. Gathering a goodly supply of them, we scampered on to a tract of woods that lay beyond the fields, where we hoped to find some rarer floral treasures. The trees were covered with buds of tender green; some lowly shrubs were in full leaf; and the dogwood's creamy-white blossoms made the forest seem like a fairy realm. Wandering along hand in hand, we found a cluster of anemones at the foot of a giant oak, and further on some larkspurs and sweet Williams growing side by side.

After two or three hours spent in this manner, we retraced our steps, little Ethel's apron and my cap being full of fragrant blossoms. And thus passed my first day at my new home.

You must excuse me, my friend, if I am a little tedious in my recollections of those childish days, for their memory is very sweet to me.

Time passed on; April merged into May, and May into the burning, sultry summer. There was but little change in affairs at Oak Hill, as Mr. Allston's estate was called. My guardian did not ill-treat me in any way, but he was so chilling and distant in his manners that I could entertain for him no sentiment but that of fear. Walter was often overbearing and insulting in his conduct; but I cared but little for all this, so long as Ethel remained my friend.

I suppose I were to tell you that I loved her then—I, a boy a little past ten, and she scarcely eight years of age—you would laugh and call it folly. I care not what name you call it—it was more worship than human love that I felt for the beautiful child. Her lovely image filled my whole boyish soul. I lingered by her side all day, and dreamed of her all night. Looking into her dark eyes, listening to the prattle of her musical voice, I was supremely happy.

When winter came, we went to the village school, a distance of a mile; and here I was Ethel's devoted attendant and gallant protector. If the roads were icy, I assisted her tenderly; if the snow was deep, I carried her in my arms through the drifts. She loved me, too, from the first; she was never satisfied except when "Cousin Paul," as she called me, was near.

But I will not linger longer over those blissful days. Four years passed away, at the end of which time Ethel was sent to a fashionable boarding-school, where she could have every facility for acquiring a finished education.

Children as we were, the parting wrung our young hearts sorely. Running out to the garden just before she was ready to start, Ethel found me sitting alone in an old arbor, trying hard to keep back the tears that filled my eyes. Sitting down by my side, she threw her soft arms around my neck, and told me not to cry—that she would come back again.

"But you will forget me," I said, half bitterly. "You will see many splendid things and people in the city, and before a year you will forget that such a boy as poor, ignorant Cousin Paul exists!"

"Never!" exclaimed Ethel earnestly. "I love you better than any one else, dear Paul, and I always will as long as I live. Now good-bye, for papa is calling me."

I kissed her pure cheek hastily, and watched her slender form as it flitted away, with aching eyes. That was the last I saw of her for four long years.

Soon after this my guardian informed me that my father had left a small sum of money in his hands, for the purpose of giving me a college education; and that he thought I was old enough to commence my studies. I replied that I had no objections. So I was sent to a good business college in an adjoining county.

Ethel wrote to me often—tender, innocent letters, assuring me of her undying affection; and these were my chief comfort during my dull school-life. I did not take kindly to books, preferring out-door sports; consequently, I was not a favorite with my teachers. But this troubled me not at all, as all my thoughts were bent upon the time when I should again meet my childhood's companion, little Ethel. I paid several visits to my guardian's home, but Ethel was never there when I was. I think her parents suspected her of entertaining to strong a regard for their poor *protege*, and so kept her out of the way.

The four years I was to spend at college were over at last, however, and I returned to the place I considered my home. I was now a tall, robust, rather good-looking, young man of eighteen. My mental powers had not kept pace with the growth of my body, however, for I was, considering the advantages I had had, a very indifferent scholar.

The first person I met at Oak Hill was Walter Allston—grown into a very handsome but somewhat dissipated-looking young man. His black eyes had a sinister look lurking in their dusky depths; and his curved, smiling lips were full and sensual. He greeted me warmly; but I detected beneath his friendly manner the old-time scornful sneer. To him I could never be anything but the poor, friendless "beggar boy."

When I entered the library, I saw a very beautiful young lady sitting by a window, reading.

She looked up, and regarded my face with a curious, puzzled expression.

"Miss Allston," said Walter, laughing softly, "let me make you acquainted with your old friend and playmate, Mr. Paul Winterton. Ha, ha, ha! I see you have forgotten each other entirely, in four years' time."

The young lady blushed rosy red, and holding out her hands impulsively, said, in the low, sweet voice I remembered so well—

"Oh, Paul, is this indeed you? How glad I am to see you again—and how you have grown! I really did not know you at first, you looked so tall."

I pressed her little hands in mine, and bowed, feeling very awkward and ill at ease. Was this my "little Ethel" I had so longed to see—this beautiful girl with the glowing cheeks and laughing eyes—this lovely maiden, whose rounded form displayed all the charms of graceful young womanhood? It was indeed the same; but four years had changed her from a slender child into a handsome, accomplished young lady.

"Why, Paul, you certainly have not learned eloquence at college," said Walter sarcastically.

"No; but I did take a few lessons in politeness," I retorted.

He laughed again—and in a little while went out of the room, leaving Ethel and me alone.

How often had I pictured to myself this meeting; what a great deal I had fancied to tell her, and receive her confidence in return; yet there we sat within a few feet of each other, flushing and paling, neither of us able to utter an intelligible sentence. When I met her eyes, darker and brighter than I had ever seen them, they drooped shyly before my own; while my heart throbbed tumultuously, and the blood leaped like fire through my veins. The careless, trusting love of the boy and girl had merged into the burning, all-absorbing passion of the youth and maiden.

Being all at home together, the old mansion became quite a lively place. Many of the young people of the neighborhood came to visit Miss Ethel and Mr. Walter; and walks, drives, picnics, and fishing excursions were of almost daily occurrence. As I was known to be a penniless orphan, I was not considered of much account in society—and many of the dashing belles and beaux snubbed me unmercifully; but as long as Ethel's bright eyes looked kindly upon me, I was indifferent to the opinions of others. In her presence, and there only, I was happy.

One fine morning, there being no company present, Ethel, Walter, and I, resolved to have a day's sport at angling. We whiled away the time pleasantly enough until noon, when we repaired to an old tumble-down saw-mill to enjoy a rustic dinner. The ruined mill was picturesque enough to have filled an artist with delight, or set a poet to rhyming. The timbers were damp and decayed; the roof was broken and mossgrown; some wild vines had clambered up from corners to the rafters, where the pewees built their nests and reared their yearly broods; and a magnificent elm grew near by, waving its drooping branches all around.

Constructing a table by laying some old boards across two large logs, we proceeded to discuss the delicacies stored in a good-sized basket which I had carried from home. After enjoying a hearty meal, we wandered around to examine the remains of the once flourishing mill.

Ethel, having a curiosity to look down upon the stagnant, greenish waters of the deep pond, ventured incautiously out on a piece of timber which projected several feet over the water. Probably no accident would have happened, had not Walter added his weight to the burden already upon the half-rotten timber. As it was, the log broke suddenly, plunging Ethel into the water, while Walter saved himself by grasping one of the upright posts of the mill.

The young man, having strong faith in the adage that prudence is the better part of valor, when he found himself safe, procured a long board, and holding one end himself, threw the other into the water, and called to Ethel to "catch hold, and he would pull her out!"

But the water was very deep, and the poor girl having sunk to the bottom when she fell, was now struggling wildly about, being blinded and nearly strangled by the water. I rushed past Walter, upsetting him backwards in my haste, and leaping into the pond, caught the drowning girl in my arms and carried her safely to the shore. Her pallid face and closed eyes frightened me; I kissed her cold lips and implored her to speak to me. She recovered from her swoon in a moment, and smiling up in my eyes, declared she was not hurt in the least, and insisted upon going home at once.

"The sooner you do so the better," I said, "but you are weak; you must take my arm and let me assist you."

She slipped her arm under mine and we started homewards; in a moment Walter came hobbling towards us from the mill, his face almost black with passion.

"Villain!" he said, scowling savagely upon me, "where are you going?"

"I am going to assist Miss Ethel home," I replied, "and if it is for your thoughtlessness, this accident, which might have cost the lady her life, would not have happened."

"If you had not interfered, I could have got her out in half the time; but you must come tearing along, knocking me down over the logs, inflicting wounds from which I may never recover, and jump headlong into the water like the fool that you are!"

He rubbed his bruised legs with a horrible grimace. I tried hard to keep from laughing.

"All that cannot be helped now," I said; "the thing to be done at present is to get Miss Ethel home as soon as possible, as her wet clothing will give her cold."

"Well, I am the proper person to assist my cousin home; so stand aside and let her take my arm."

"Unless she requests it, I shall certainly do nothing of the kind," I answered.

"Oh, Paul, let us go!" said Ethel, getting frightened.

"You low born, insolent beggar!" roared Walter. "A respectable escort *you* are for

a wealthy lady, indeed! Will you get out of my way, or must I use force?"

I felt my blood boil with anger. Stepping forward a pace, I struck the young man a blow that felled him to the ground. Turning again to Ethel I drew her arm in mine, saying:

"Let us hasten home, dearest. That brute will soon recover and can come when he chooses."

She said nothing, but I saw by her manner that she approved of my action.

Arrived at home, I delivered Ethel into her mother's hands, explaining briefly what had happened. After changing my clothes I went out. Presently I saw Walter coming with a black eye and a limp in his gait. He gave me a look of deadly hatred as he passed, which meant more than words could have expressed.

The next morning I was summoned to Mr. Allston's room.

"I have something particular to say to you," he said, motioning me to a seat.

I bowed, but remained standing. My guardian's face was very dark and stern; I had a suspicion of what he was going to speak about.

"My nephew tells me you behaved in a shameful manner yesterday," he began. "He says you caused my daughter to fall into the water by your awkwardness; and when he had rescued her at the peril of his life, that you fell upon him and beat him unmercifully out of malice."

"Your nephew lies!" I retorted hotly.

"Come, come, sir! you must not use such language to me."

"Ask your daughter," I said. "She will tell you who caused her to fall in the pond, and also whether or not Walter rescued her at the peril of his life."

"I can believe my nephew's words without any further confirmation, for I know him to be a young man of upright and honorable character."

"I know him to be a detestable scoundrel!" I answered, too angry to care what I said.

"Paul, this is unbearable!" said Mr. Allston, raising his voice. "Do you know that you are a penniless boy, dependent on me for the necessaries of life?"

"I am aware of it; but that is no crime," I replied.

"True, it is not; but it is a crime to treat the kindness of your benefactors with such black ingratitude. Were it not that I knew and loved your father, I would spurn you from my doors forever. For his sake I will be merciful with you, and give you a situation where you can earn an honest living. My overseer needs an assistant to look after the negroes occasionally, or to lend a helping hand when any pressing work is to be done. You must either fill this position or look out for yourself in the future. Now, what is your decision?"

I was silent a moment. Pride urged me to strike out in the world for myself, but love whispered to me to remain where I could still see the object of my affections. Love conquers all, and I haughtily told Mr. Allston that I accepted the situation he offered.

"Very well; you have shown a little common sense," he said. "Of course, in your present position, you will not board any longer with my family. The overseer's house is sufficiently roomy; you will henceforth make your home with him, and if you are faithful, I will pay you liberal wages." And so the late college student took up his position as an upper servant on the plantation.

I did not care for the work; the free, outdoor life suited me exactly; and as I saw Ethel's sweet face almost daily, I was very well contented with my lot. But this happiness was soon denied me.

One evening an old white-wooled household servant, known as Uncle Pompey, brought me a tiny sheet of scented notepaper.

"My young missis sent it," said the ancient African. "She tole me to gib it to you alone, and I tole her I would sartin. Golly, I would do anything for the sweet young missis."

I opened the note and read:

"DEAR PAUL—Papa is going to take me away to school again to-morrow. I do not want to go, but he says positively that I must. I asked him to send for you, that I might see you once more before I went, but he grew terribly angry and swore that I should never see you again. But I must see you ere I go; so come to-night at dusk to the old arbor in the garden, and I will meet you there. Ever yours, ETHEL."

I pressed the note to my lips and deposited it carefully in my vest pocket over my heart.

"Tell your mistress that I shall certainly do as she wishes, Uncle Pompey," I said.

The swift darkness of the summer night was falling over the landscape as I cautiously entered Mr. Allston's garden and approached the old arbor. A graceful figure, which I knew full well even in the dim light, rose to meet me as I drew near. With a joyful exclamation I impulsively held out my arms, and Ethel threw herself upon my breast. All thoughts of my lonely position, all plans for the future, were forgotten; I only knew that the girl I loved better than life lay in my arms, telling me her passionate love by sobs and tears. Thrilling with ineffable bliss I pressed kiss after kiss on her trembling lips.

"Oh, Paul, how can I leave you?" she sighed at length, withdrawing herself from my arms.

"It will not be for long, darling," I said, trying to comfort her.

"No—but perhaps you will forget me when I am gone. Oh, Paul, I know how papa has insulted you, but for my sake you must forgive him and remain here until I return."

"For your sake, with your love, I can endure anything."

"And I will always love you, Paul—always be true to you. Now good-bye, dearest, I hear papa coming to look for me. He must n t find you here."

"Good-bye!" I said, my voice broken with tears. "Be true to me always, darling, as I shall be to you."

"Forever and forever!" she said solemnly; and with a lingering last embrace, I left her.

Our separation proved longer than we had anticipated. Ethel remained at school two years, visiting home but once, and then I was not permitted to see her. During the first few weeks I received letters from her regularly, but after that they ceased coming. I felt certain, however, that Mr. Allston had taken some means to intercept our letters, and my faith in my darling's love never wavered. Forever and forever, she had told me she would be true, and I believed her implicitly.

The salary paid me by Mr. Allston was sufficient for all my wants. I even managed to lay by a trifle for the future. My prospects were not brilliant, but I hopefully looked forward to a time when I should be in a position to marry Miss Ethel, and thus enter into Elysium.

Two years more had rolled away. I was now a stalwart, healthy young man of twenty, with a growing beard which made me look older than I really was.

One morning as I was going across the fields of an errand, I discovered Miss Ethel gathering violets on the same bank where we had hunted them together ten years before. She had grown a little taller, and her form was more matured and stately, but her beautiful, spiritual face was unchanged.

She had remained true to her first love, too; she held out her hands with a joyful cry, while the rich blood dyed her fair cheeks scarlet.

"I am home for good, now," she said laughing. "I am eighteen years old, and have learned all that Madame De Croix or any one else can teach me."

"Consequently you will consider poor, ignorant Paul Winterton far beneath your notice."

"You know better," she answered earnestly. "Forever and forever, I told you when we parted, and I am not one to forget a promise."

"But why have you not written to me?" I asked.

"I did write to you every week, but after the first month or two I received no replies."

"There has been foul play here, Ethel; some one is trying hard to keep us apart, but whoever it is will be badly disappointed," I laughed.

"Were cousin Walter at home, I should think it was him," said Ethel.

"I think it is your father, Ethel; but never mind, you are at home now, and we will contrive to see each other occasionally, though the Heavens fall."

After spending an hour in blissful converse, we appointed a trysting place for the morrow, and I passed on to attend to my neglected duties. We managed to steal an interview nearly every day, and in this manner another happy year passed away.

One June day—how well I remember it—Ethel and I were strolling idly through the forest, where the towering trees intercepted the golden rays of the burning Southern sun. At length we paused beneath a patriarchal oak, and reclined against its mossy trunk. I was talking of my future plans, and listening to Ethel's sweet assurances of love.

"And you are willing to wait for me all these years—for it may be years before I am in a position to marry?" I said, watching her lovely, soul-lit face.

"Yes, dear, I shall wait for you until I die," she answered.

"And you will never regret your choice—never wish that you had married some wealthy planter, with a mansion equal to your father's?"

"Never! Oh, Paul, once loving you, do you think I could ever love another?"

"My beautiful Ethel!" I murmured, folding her rapturously in my arms. "I pray Heaven I may ever be worthy of your precious love!"

"You low born, presuming scoundrel!" said a loud, angry voice close behind us.

Springing to our feet, we confronted Mr. Allston, his face purple with rage, and his black eyes flashing dangerously. I returned his gaze calmly, but poor Ethel covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

"You lying, sneaking beggar!" continued the old gentleman, as if racking his memory to find epithets bad enough to apply to me. "So Paine is the way you repay my generous confidence, is it?—making love to my daughter when I think you at work? But I've suspected something lately, and this morning I determined to follow my lady here on one of her mysterious rambles. I overheard your pretty talk, and now all this must end, and quickly. Ethel, you think you love this worthless boy, do you?"

"I do love him, papa, with all my heart," she sobbed.

"And you are willing to marry him?" sneeringly.

"I will never marry another," she answered firmly.

"Fool! we shall see," he said. "Now, my girl, I will tell you what I have long been determined upon. Your husband is already chosen for you, and he is your cousin Walter."

"Never! never! Oh, papa, I would rather die than marry him!"

"You are an idiot; but I will not waste further words with you. Go home at once; I wish to talk with your delectable lover alone. Be gone, I say!"

Giving me a glance of unspeakable love, Ethel hurried away. As soon as she was out of sight, her father turned to me fiercely.

"What excuse have you to offer for your abominable conduct?" he asked.

"There is nothing to excuse," I returned calmly. "I love your daughter truly and honorably, and, God willing, will some day make her my wife."

"You marry my daughter!" he roared furiously. "Why, boy, do you know that you have not a dollar ahead in the world, and never will have? You are your father right over again."

"I have not much, it is true; but I have saved a trifle from my wages, and possessing health and strength, I hope some time to secure a home for myself and my wife."

"Indeed! How do you expect to accomplish all this? I now discharge you from my service, and if I ever find you on my grounds or in the neighborhood, I will kill you! I will, as surely as I now tell you so!"

"Your threats do not frighten me," I answered, but it is my intention to leave the country for a time. I shall go north until I gain money enough to maintain a wife, and then, sir, I shall return and marry your daughter in spite of you or any one else."

"Shall you, indeed? My daughter will be married to her cousin ere another year passes."

"Never! I am certain that Ethel will never consent to marry that cowardly villain. But good day to you, Mr. Allston; I am going; but I hope to meet you again sometime."

With a bow and a smile I turned and hurried away toward the overseer's house, intending to pack up my clothes and depart immediately. On the way I met old Uncle Pompey, who bowed and doffed his hat gracefully.

"Wait a moment, Pompey; I want to send a note by you to Miss Ethel," I said.

Having a pencil with me, I hastily wrote a few lines on a scrap of paper, telling her that I was forced to go away, and assuring her of my eternal constancy.

"Any answer expected?" asked the old fellow, pocketing the note.

"I don't know; tell your mistress to send me a line if she can."

I soon completed my preparations, and an hour or two before sundown started for the railroad station. As I went out at the gate, I saw old Pompey approaching rapidly, with a bit of paper held triumphantly over his head.

"The very debbil am to pay at home," he said. "Massa am in a dreffal rage, and has got the pooty young missis shut up in her room. I had hard work to git to gib her your letter, but I managed it at last, and she sent you this here in reply."

I opened the paper and read:

"DEAR PAUL—May Heaven bless you wherever you go! Return to me when you can—I shall be faithful to you. Papa swears I must marry Walter, but you know I never will. Forever, and forever, I promised you. Until death do us part, I am your loving

"ETHEL."

I tossed old Pompey a coin, and hurried away, my eyes filled with tears.

I will not dwell on what befell me during the next year. I went to Washington city, where I succeeded in obtaining remunerative employment. When the war broke out, I offered myself as a volunteer in the northern army, and was appointed lieutenant. Doing my duty through several battles, I was promoted to a captaincy. During all this time I heard no tidings of my sweetheart, whose home was now between the contending armies.

At length the corps to which I belonged moved forward and encamped within a few miles of Mr. Allston's estate. Determining to see my darling once more, I obtained permission to absent myself, and, one beautiful moonlight night, paid a visit to my old home.

Everything was still as I cautiously approached the old mansion—for I knew it would be unsafe to be seen by Mr. Allston. The windows were all dark, with the exception of one on the first floor. Advancing until I stood directly beneath this, I paused and listened. A voice, which I knew full well to be Ethel's, was reading, in a low, clear tone. I remember the verse that I heard—a part of Noormahal's song in Lalla Rookh:

"One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss,
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this."

I raised myself on tip-toe and looked in the room. She was alone. The book of poems was open before her, and a guitar lay by her side.

"Ethel!" I called softly.

She uttered a low cry, and rushed to the window.

"Oh, Paul, you have come back!" she shouted. "I am so glad to see you—I have longed for you so much."

"Hush, darling, I said gently. "Look at my uniform—it would not be safe for me to be seen by any of your people."

"There is no one here except Cousin Walter and the servants. Papa is away in the army, and Walter is fast asleep in another part of the house. You need not fear being overheard."

"Where is your mother?"

"She is dead," she replied, sadly. "She died soon after you went away. Poor mamma! she was the only friend I had, and now she is gone."

"Does your father still wish you to marry Walter?"

"Yes—that is what I wish to tell you. They have fixed the wedding-day for next Saturday. Walter came home yesterday, and papa will arrive in time to witness the ceremony—but it will never take place. I have refused to consent all along, but papa would not listen to me. I will die rather than marry him."

"You shall do neither, Ethel," I said. "You shall marry me before your father returns. I have some friends in Washington, who will gladly give you a good home; and as my wife, you need fear your tyrannical father no further. Do you consent, dearest?"

"I am yours, dear Paul," she murmured, softly.

"You must go with me to-night, dearest. There is a chaplain at the camp, and we can be married at once. When your cousin awakes in the morning, he will find that his bird has flown."

"I will be ready in a moment," she said. Throwing on a cloak and hat, she stole noiselessly out of the room. I received her in my arms, and held her for a moment close to my heart.

"Good-bye, dear old home; I may never see you again!" she murmured in tears.

"Hush!" I whispered, "some one approaches; let us conceal ourselves."

We drew back in the shadow of some climbing vines, while the dark figure drew nearer. When it came into the bright moonlight, I recognized the ebony face, surrounded with snowy wool.

"It is Uncle Pompey," exclaimed Ethel. "He loves me devotedly—he shall go with us if you are willing."

"By all means; take the old fellow along, if he will go," I answered.

"Uncle Pompey, I am going to leave my home and become Mr. Winterton's wife! and I want you to go with me. We will go to Washington?"

"Bless the Lord!" ejaculated Pompey. "I'll go, quick enough. Bo you are not gwine to marry that wicked Massa Walter after all? Ain't I glad—cause he's a dreffal wicked man."

"No, uncle, I am going to marry the man I have always loved."

"Are you, indeed? Not if I can prevent it," said a strange voice. Looking around, we beheld Walter Allston standing in the door, a malicious smile on his evil face.

"You thought to give me the slip nicely, but I did not sleep as soundly as you supposed," he said. "And now, Paul Winterton, unless you take yourself off, and leave my promised wife where she is, I will put a bullet through your treacherous heart."

"I know you to be a coward, Walter Allston, and I am well armed," I drew a revolver from my breast and held it up to view. "Harm me if you dare, sir. Come, Ethel, let us go."

Allston sprang out into the yard before me, swearing a terrible oath.

"You think I am a coward, do you? Once more I ask you, will you be off, and leave the lady alone?"

"I will not!" I answered firmly.

He drew a revolver from his bosom. With a wild cry, Ethel sprang between us; he fired, and the ball that was intended for me pierced the purest heart that ever beat in a maiden's breast. When Walter saw what he had done, he dropped his weapon and fled, and Ethel, staggering, fell into my outstretched arms.

"Forever and forever!" she murmured faintly. "Oh, my darling, promise me that you will never love another woman—that you will come to join me in heaven!"

I promised; I pressed burning kisses on her cold lips; I wept like a child. But all this could not detain the departing spirit; with one last effort she softly kissed my cheek, and then her beautiful eyes closed forever. And thus perished the sweetest woman that ever blessed God's fair world.

My friend, I have told you my story. Do you wonder now that I do not seek any earthly love, when my darling awaits me on the other side of the mysterious river? Forever and forever, she promised to love me; she gave her life for me; and when we meet in that deathless world we shall know each other.

☞ Three St. Catherines are known in tradition—St. Catherine, of Alexandria; St. Catherine, of Bologna, and St. Catherine, of Siena. Of these St. Catherine of Alexandria is the best known. She was the daughter of Costis, half-brother to Constantine the Great, and Sebinella, the Queen of Egypt, and was the most learned, rich, noble and beautiful maiden of her times. She scornfully refused all suitors as beneath her, till at last, in a dream, she saw herself rejected by Christ as not fair and beautiful enough for him. To become worthy of such a bridegroom she embraced Christianity, whereupon, in a second vision, Christ appeared to her and placed the betrothal ring on her finger, which she found there on awaking. This mystical marriage is a favorite subject of artists, and has been painted by Guido, Titian, and many others. She was afterward broken on the wheel by the orders of the Emperor Maximus. She is the patroness of education, science, philosophy and eloquence, and is honored in Venice as its patron. St. Barbara, and not St. Catherine, is represented in the Sistine Madonna kneeling with St. Sixtus before the Virgin, who is standing with the infant Saviour in her arms.

☞ It is said that the "German" is going out of fashion, as so many ladies refuse to dance it. There is nothing like a square dance for making two people acquainted in a ball room. Instead of madly reeling round the room, hot and breathless, they may enjoy a little quiet conversation or flirtation in the passes of a quadrille, which is simply impossible in a round dance.

☞ A Tennessee girl broke an arm on the eve of her wedding-day, but pluckily went through the ceremony with her arm in a sling at the appointed hour.

☞ PENSIVE THOUGHT.—In many cases, authorship is but another name for *penury*.

☞ In Lowell it is "stuffed" to say "gentlemen boarders." They are called "meal-ers."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A FAMILY OF FIVE MURDERED.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 12.—This morning a family named Parks were found murdered in their house, near Henryville, Indiana. The family consisted of Cyrus M. Parks, his wife Isabella, his son John, aged 10 years, and his daughters, Eveline, aged 17, and Ellen, aged 15 years. The heads of all were terribly beaten and crushed by some blunt instrument. The brains of Mrs. Parks and her son were scattered about the room while their bodies were laying in beds.

The girls were found sitting in the kitchen alone, but were delirious and fatally hurt. The neighbors heard shots in the night, but the bodies bear no bullet marks. Mr. Parks was a leading member of the church, and was much esteemed. There is no clue to the perpetrators of the murder.

CHOLERA AT NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—The German steamship Franklin, from Stettin, is quarantined at New York, having cholera on board. There were 100 cases and 40 deaths during the voyage.

How many are ill of the disease at present it is difficult to tell. There were six hundred and eleven emigrants packed away in the Franklin, and most of them, from their close proximity to the stricken and dying, doubtless imbibed the seeds of the foul disease. Our neighbors owe it to themselves and humanity to subject the unwelcome ship to the most rigid quarantine.

WISCONSIN ELECTION.—The official vote of Milwaukee city and county gives Doolittle, Democrat, 1941 majority for Governor.

UTAH.

It is said that a number of well-known citizens (polygamists) are making arrangements to send away their plural wives should the decisions in the forthcoming trials go against the defendants. Nobody believes that any of the well-to-do Mormons think of abandoning their present homes and their property because of the enforcement of the laws against polygamy. The Mormons claim and earnestly believe that their plural wives doctrine is of God, but many of them begin to express grave doubts as to the expediency of continuing its practice in violation of law.

THE RECENT HORRIBLE TRAGEDY—ARREST OF THE MURDERERS.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Nov. 14.—Last night the citizens of Henryville, Indiana, near where the brutal murder of the Parks family occurred on Saturday night, put a rope around the neck of George Johnson, the negro implicated in the murder, and, telling him his crime was traced to him, demanded to know his accomplices.

Johnson thinking all was discovered, made a full confession, stating that two negroes, named Davis and Taylor, with himself, planned the murder, believing Parks had $400 to $500 of church money in the house. Johnson says that he watched outside, Davis held the light, and Taylor did the bloody work.

His partners refused to divide the plunder fairly with him. They got only $140. The whereabouts of his accomplices became known, and a party of citizens immediately effected their arrest.

THE FOREST FIRES.

Governor Fairchild, of Wisconsin, has authorized the furnishing of three thousand feet of lumber, free of expense, to each family who will rebuild on their lots recently devastated by the fire.

THE RECENT ELECTION.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 14.—Official returns of the election are not yet all in, but enough is received to show that Austin will have a majority of 1,900. The Legislature stands on joint ballot 100 Republicans to 46 Democrats.

THE PARKS TRAGEDY.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Nov. 15.—The excitement in Clarke county, Indiana, over the Parks tragedy, is only slightly abated. No danger is now apprehended of lynching the prisoners. Several other negroes have been arrested on suspicion. The search of Taylor's house revealed the fact that he had been receiving quantities of stolen goods from Chicago since the fire. A large quantity was found.

THE STORM AT LONG BRANCH.

LONG BRANCH, Nov. 15.—A heavy southeast storm set in yesterday. Last night the roof of the upper piazza of the United States Hotel was carried away. Great damage has been done to the beach. At high water, this morning, the bluff was washed away to the main drive from Ocean avenue, intersecting Chelsea avenue. Hundreds of people lined the shore this morning, witnessing the demolition of the embankment. No damage to shipping is reported. The railroad track at Seabright is considerably damaged.

NEW JERSEY ELECTION.

NOV. 16.—The official vote of New Jersey gives Parker, Democrat, for Governor, 82,290 and Walsh, Republican, 76,292. Majority for Parker, 6007.

NOV. 17.—THE GREAT STORM.—Additional reports of damage by the great storm have been received. In Jersey City, the loss is estimated at $10,000. The lecture-room of the Methodist Church at Bergen Heights, was demolished and the church damaged. In Newark over $20,000 worth of property was destroyed. In Elizabeth, a brick foundry and five other buildings; and at Plainfield, and unfinished church, were demolished. At Freehold, the Presbyterian Church was partially destroyed. At Portland, Me., the railroad bridges were submerged, and trains delayed in all directions. The night train from Bangor to Boston ran off the track near Farmingdale, owing to the washing away of a culvert, and several persons were injured by the smashing of the sleeping cars. At Rockland, the storm continued yesterday, and the sea ran higher in the harbor than at any time since 1856. The wind at New York city reached a velocity of sixty miles an hour. The caution signals of the Signal Service were displayed at ever port from five to fifteen hours in advance of the storm.

At San Francisco, Ellen Wade, an English girl, died on Wednesday night from the effects of strychnia, which she took by mistake for arsenic. She was in the habit of taking the latter poison for her complexion.

Daniel Sweeney died yesterday in Brooklyn, from the effects of the bite of a cat.

Great consternation has been created at Hyde Park, Scranton, Pa., by the caving in of the earth over the Oxford mine. Buildings were badly shaken, and large fissures opened in the streets, but no persons were injured.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

LONDON, Nov. 14.—The British government has granted a pension of £300 to the children of Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer. Dr. Livingstone, when last heard from, was slowly making his way towards the coast.

LONDON, Nov. 16.—A tremendous explosion occurred in a colliery at Wigan yesterday. The buildings in the vicinity rocked to and fro, the people rushed from their houses, and a panic prevailed in the town. The sound of the explosion was heard in the country around for a distance of several miles, and much alarm was felt. Fortunately the disaster occurred after the working gangs had withdrawn, or the loss of life would have been appalling. As it was, six men were killed, and possibly one or two more victims will be found. The cause of the explosion is unknown.

Heavy gales prevailed all day yesterday and last night around the British coast. The Nigrets, from Cardiff for Havana, went ashore last night in Barnstable Bay, and will probably be a total wreck. Her crew were saved.

SWITZERLAND.

BERNE, Nov. 16.—The corporate authorities have resolved to revive and enforce to their fullest extent, within the city limits, the Federal laws prohibiting the existence of gambling banks and lotteries within the confederation. These laws have for a long time been practically obsolete.

AURELIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Mrs. Edwards sat sewing in her cheerful parlor, Aurelia was opposite her, making some article of feminine gear; her dark eyes were brighter than usual, her full red lips trembled a little, and the faultless oval of her cheek was tinged with a flush like the bloom on a ripe peach. She toyed nervously with her dainty work.

"Mother," she said, "Roy Willett has asked me to be his wife."

"Roy Willett! I feared it would be so, and what was your answer?"

"I said I would marry him, if you and father will consent."

"Aurelia, you must not marry Roy Willett."

"But, mother, I love him."

"He is dissipated—he drinks immoderately; and, I have it on good authority, he is a gambler."

"I know it; but the power of love is great. He will reform through my influence."

"Ah," said Mrs. Edwards, "how many have been drawn into unhappy marriages by that delusion! Aurelia, Roy Willett is a proud and passionate, though weak man; your spirit is equally high, but your nature is the stronger. There would be a ceaseless contest between you. In your endeavor to reform him, you would only succeed in driving him from his home. I cannot conscientiously consent to such a union."

Aurelia abruptly left the room, her cheeks flaming and her lips tightly drawn as if to suppress her agitation. Mrs. Edwards looked after her, and sighed with a depth of sadness which only a mother can feel on witnessing a daughter's pain.

Aurelia went to her chamber, and bowing her head on the table, wept as if her heart were breaking. And yet she had not expected her mother's decision to be otherwise than unfavorable to Roy Willett's suit, and she knew that her father would not be more placable.

"Everybody's against him!" she sobbed. "I am the only one who does not frown on him. A set of Pharisees, who, just because he deviates a little from the straight path, class him among the lost. But I will be true to him!" she continued, drawing herself up to her full height. "I love him, and I will never desert him!"

Bathing her eyes with cologne, until all traces of her recent tears were gone, she returned to the sitting-room, outwardly calm, but with pride and resentment glowing in her heart.

There was an extensive cotton factory near Ashlawn. In this, Roy Willett, although still a young man, had risen to the position of managing partner. He was a bold-looking, handsome man, physically strong, but morally weak, and the possessor of a fiery temper.

He had always lived in Ashlawn. Aurelia Edwards and he had grown up together. They had attended the same school, enjoyed the same amusements, and often quarreled as violently as if they were brother and sister. During the last few years, their intimacy had been gradually broken off. Aurelia's parents did not look approvingly upon Roy Willett, nor did any judicious parents of the town, for he had been seen in a state of intoxication more than once, and it was whispered that the company he frequented was not the most reputable. Sometimes, however, he met Aurelia at social gatherings, and it was at one of these parties he had asked her to be his wife. There was no doubt about his love for her. He loved her somewhat less than champagne, and a little more than oyster stew; but she loved him with all the ardor of a young and ill-disciplined heart.

When her father came home at dusk, Aurelia, summoning all her courage, told him of Roy Willett's proposal.

"I marvel," Mr. Edwards said, sternly, "that he had the presumption to speak to you in that manner. His very presence insults a lady while he is hand and glove with his present associates. It is strange that respectable people invite him to their house. My answer is, emphatically, *no*. When he shows the first sign of amendment, I will reconsider it."

A torrent of angry words arose to Aurelia's lips, but she suppressed it, she knew it would be useless to argue with her father, he had too much of her own haughty spirit to bear contradiction, so she was silent, appearing to acquiesce.

Later in the evening, when Mr. Edwards had gone out, and his wife sat dozing in her chair, a peculiarly shrill whistle broke the stillness.

Aurelia started at the sound; softly opening the window, she listened attentively. The whistle was repeated. With a glance at her slumbering mother, she threw a shawl over her shoulders, and, stealing from the room, hastened into the street.

Waiting beneath the old elm tree, in front of the house, stood Roy Willett.

"I thought you would never come," he said, impatiently. "I've nearly cracked my lungs, trying to make you hear the signal."

"I came as soon as I could," she answered, taking his offered arm, and walking slowly down the street.

"Well, I am waiting for an answer. I suppose the old man objected?"

Her face flushed slightly. "The old man?"

"Your father, of course. I suppose he isn't overjoyed at the prospect of having me for a son-in-law?"

"He is not. Oh, Roy, he has refused his consent to our marriage!"

"I expected it would be thus. We'll get married without it, then."

He scanned her face, furtively, to see the effect of his last words. Her face grew pale and resolute, while she paused a moment.

"Such a union would be accursed," she said.

"Pshaw!" he answered. "And if it were so, could you not bear a curse for my sake?"

"Yes—yes," returned the infatuated girl, "anything for your sake!"

"Come, then; before another hour passes, you shall be my wife."

"So soon?" she said, drawing back a little. The voice of her conscience was not silent, but she preferred to listen to the sophistry of the tempter, who whispered, "You may save me from ruin."

"The sooner the better. Come. All is ready—even to the witnesses." And she went with him.

Ere nine o'clock sounded from the steeples of the town she noiselessly entered her home, reflecting with a half remorseful pleasure that she was no longer Aurelia Edwards, but Aurelia Willett.

"To-morrow I will come to claim my wife," Roy Willett had said at parting.

He kept his promise. The next day he presented himself at the Edwards's door. Aurelia had seen him from the window, and she went to meet him. Together they entered the parlor where her father and mother were.

"Allow me to present my wife!" he said, in his bold, brazen way.

"Your wife?" said Mr. Edwards, gaping in amazement at the pair.

"We were married last night. I am now your son-in-law."

"Is this true?" asked Mr. Edwards, turning towards his daughter, his countenance growing white and stern.

"It is true," returned Aurelia, in her haughtiest manner. "I am Roy Willett's wife."

There was a fall and a low cry of anguish. Mrs. Edwards had fainted. Aurelia sprang forward to help her; but her father interposed, and lifted the insensible woman from the floor.

"You are unworthy to touch her, ungrateful girl!" he cried. "Stand back, Roy Willett! Aurelia, I will not curse you—but I cannot bless you. As you have sown, so shall you reap. Go!"

And the father left the room, carrying his fainting wife.

Silently and proudly, Aurelia went forth from the home of her childhood, leaning on Roy Willett's arm.

For some time after, various versions of the story of Roy Willett's clandestine marriage flouted about Ashlawn. The event supplied the town with gossip for a month.

When Mr. and Mrs. Willett moved into the large mansion on the hill, the people of Ashlawn, having condoled with Mrs. Edwards in the morning, radiated politeness at the Willett's housewarming in the evening, and the next day they wondered, "How that dissipated Willett could stand such extravagance?" "So runs the world away."

For two weeks after his marriage, Roy Willett performed the part of a model husband. He neglected his questionable amusements for the company of Aurelia; he never went out in the evening, except when attending his wife. But in a short time he began to tire of this mode of life. The novelty having worn away, he plunged with additional zest into a sea of profligacy. It was in vain that his partner in the factory remonstrated with him, and told him he was ruining the business. And he listened in incomprehensible silence to Aurelia's impassioned pleading, and to her scornful reproaches which drove him from the house.

One night, about six months after their marriage, he came reeling home in his usual state from a long-protracted wine-party.

Aurelia was standing at the head of the staircase as he entered the hall. She seemed like some beautiful queen, standing there and looking upon that degraded man before her. She descended the steps to assist him to walk. She had often done it before.

"Drunk again!" she said in her clear, cutting tones. "Roy Willett, do you know how much a beast is your superior? Do you ever think of the sin and the shame—"

He interrupted her. He was trembling with passion. His anger seemed to have sobered him for a moment.

"Madam," he said in a thick, choking voice, "you do well to talk of shame and sin—*you* who disobeyed and deserted your parents to marry this person who is so far below the brute. What gives you the right to censure me? Is not your sin as great as mine?"

"This to *me*!" she gasped.

"And that to you!" He struck her a heavy blow on the head, she staggered against the wall, and he walked unsteadily into the street.

When he had gone, she lifted her head. There was a bruise on her forehead, her lips were pale and tightly drawn.

"My father was right," she murmured, "I am reaping as I sowed. The man who struck me shall never see my face again."

She arrayed herself in bonnet and cloak, and putting a few articles into a small portmanteau—the things were only the most necessary—she passed out into the cold night air.

She could see a light in her father's house. Should she take refuge there? But her pride arose.

"I will not ask their forgiveness," she said; "if they wanted me they would have let me known it." And she started in the contrary direction.

She resolved to go to Philadelphia. She had some friends there, and she could reach the city by morning. She would be just in time to catch the train. She hastened on.

She reached the railroad track, and saw a dark body lying across the rails. Was it a man or woman? She bent over it. An arrow of fading moonlight glanced upon the object. The face was that of her husband! He had fallen there in his drunken sleep.

Already she could see the fiery eye of the locomotive in the distance. The depôt was half a mile from the spot. There was no time to be lost in calling for help. She endeavored to arouse the stupefied man—in vain—all in vain. The train was rapidly approaching. With all her strength she tried to push him from the track. She felt the rail trembling beneath her feet. Again she tried to save him, and partly succeeded.

A wild shriek of agony rent the air. The train passed by like a huge, swift-moving serpent.

In the dim, dismal light, between night and morn, Aurelia lay dead upon the railroad track. She had saved Roy Willett's life; he had escaped with a crushed arm.

He never recovered from the effect of that dreadful scene. His intellect was hopelessly shattered; he was placed in a lunatic asylum.

And thus it ended on earth.

FORTY YEARS IN THE GRAVE.

The remains of the Italian patriot, poet, and scholar, Ugo Foscolo, were lately exhumed at Chiswick churchyard, England, after forty-four years of interment. The inner shell was found to be filled with sawdust, which, having been brushed away, disclosed the body. The form was intact, and the features were still perfect. At the foot of the grave stood the doctor who attended the great Italian in his last hours, and also the hair-dresser who used to shave him, and they at once simultaneously exclaimed, "That's the man!" The whiskers, peculiar in shape, which Ugo Foscolo wore in his lifetime, were still there. His skin, which was now of a pale gray color, remained unshrunken, and effectually hid all traces of the skeleton, the pores and textures being also uninjured. With the view of making a historical painting, Signor Caldesi took a photograph of the body as it lay in the coffin, and of the surrounding assemblage; the coffin was closed again, and being bound round, was officially sealed by the Italian Minister. Dr. Presse, who is one of the Chiswick Commissioners, attended with sanitary views; but his services were in no way required, as the body was odorless.

☞ A young lady of fourteen was recently sent by express through the company of Wells, Fargo & Co., from Vallejo, Cal., to Annapolis, Md. She was under the care of over a dozen different agents, and had nothing to do but obey directions, and arrived safely.

☞ Adelina Patti is to come to America next year.

☞ "The Suppressed Sex" is a department of a Pittsburg paper.

☞ "Can you tell me of what race of men Napoleon Bonaparte was descended?"

"Course I can" (Corsican).

"Well, why *don't* you?"

☞ "How to keep cider"—Cut it in slices about nine inches long, lay them out on the grass to bleach; then soak in a weak solution of lime and carbonate of soda, and hang up in a dry place near the chimney. This is safer than to drink it while sweet. Another way to keep it is—not to drink it.

☞ William, who used to boast that he never owed a dollar in his life and never would, in less than a year after his marriage had a little Bill to take up every day.

☞ At the last eruption of Vesuvius crystalized salt, a new description of lava, was thrown out.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3500 head, and sold at 7@13c. 150 Cows brought $40@55 ? head. Sheep—17,000 head were disposed of at 4½@6½c. ? lb. 2000 Hogs sold at 6½@7c. ? lb.

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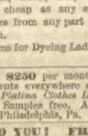

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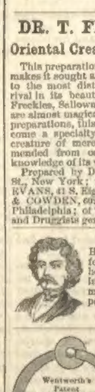

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WIT AND HUMOR.

SUM TOTAL OF A LORD MAYOR'S TALENTS.

King James the Second, passing through Colchester, it was resolved that the Mayor should compliment him on his arrival.

It so happened that this chief magistrate was eminently stupid, which is looked upon as no strange thing in England.

The town-clerk was appointed to attend him at his back, and whisper what he was to say to the king. When they came into his majesty's presence, the clerk, desiring to encourage the mayor, whispered in his ear—

"Hold up your head and look like a man!"

"*Hold up your head and look like a man!*" did the mayor bawl to the king.

The clerk astonished, he whispered—

"What the devil do you mean?"

The mayor bawled out—

"*What the devil do you mean?*"

The clerk, sweating with fear and vexation, whispered—

"By heaven! you will ruin us all!"

The mayor immediately repeated—

"*By heaven, you will ruin us all!*"

The clerk, in a violent rage, said—

"Oh! you blundering puppy, I wish you had never come here!"

The mayor again bawled—

"*Oh! you blundering puppy, I wish you had never come here!*"

The clerk, on this, immediately took to his heels, and the mayor followed him, leaving the king in a violent fit of laughter, though not without rage.

THE GIANT AS A DWARF.

A simple-minded young Frenchman on coming to Paris was anxious to see the famous General Tom Thumb, then in France, and asked a town friend where he might find him. The mischievous wag gave him the address of Lablache, the ponderous and spherical basso of the opera. Hither the rustic hied. He rang, and the door by a chance trick of fortune was opened by the obese artist in person. The alarmed visitor drew back in confusion.

"A thousand pardons, Monsieur, there must be a mistake; I hoped to see M. Tom Thumb."

Lablache, taking in the situation at a glance, and enjoying the joke, gravely replied:

"Sir, there is no error; I am Tom Thumb!"

"Why—no—how—certainly, why I thought Tom Thumb was very small!" gasps the astonished visitor.

"Oh! that's no matter," replied the basso, graciously; "before the public, you see, I *am* small—very small indeed"—suiting the action to the word and holding his hand about two feet above the floor—"but here at home"—rising to his full height, putting his thumb in the arm-hole of his waistcoat and swelling out that resonant rotundity which was wont to shake the *foyer* with its thunders—"here at home, *I take my ease!*"

OUR HAT.

Mr. Spillman had just married a second wife. On the day after the wedding, Mr. S. remarked: "I intend, Mrs. Spillman, to enlarge my dairy." "You mean our dairy, my dear," replied Mrs. S. "No," quothed Mr. Spillman, "I intend to enlarge my dairy." "Say our dairy, Mr. Spillman." "No, my dairy." "Say our dairy, say our," screamed she, seizing the poker. "My dairy! my dairy!" yelled the husband. "Our dairy! our dairy!" screeched his wife, emphasizing each word by a blow on the back of her cringing spouse. Mr. Spillman retreated under the bed. In passing under the bedclothes his hat was brushed off. He remained under cover several minutes, waiting for a lull in the storm. At last his wife saw him thrusting his head out at the foot of the bed, much like a turtle from its shell. "What are you looking for?" exclaimed the lady. "I am looking for *our* hat, my dear!" said he.

FASHIONABLE NEWS.

A party of Pittsburg gentlemen recently gave a vaccination party. Instead of engaging cooks and waiters, the host secured the services of two or three capable physicians, and in the place of ice-cream and cake, vaccine virus of the finest quality was provided. When the hour for refreshments arrived, the guests seated themselves, and the doctors went round the room supplying their wants. Instead of being asked if they would have strawberry or vanilla, the guests heard the question, "Which will you take, madam, the infant virus or that from the original cow?" And when the inquirers had made the round of the room, its shell be heard saying at the virus table: "Give me five infants and three original cows." "Two cows here and eight infants—grandfather's pedigree with one of them," and so on until everybody was served. Of course, in a few days after the party, it was the proper thing for the guests to call upon each other to compare arms.

THE FASHIONS.

When shoes are very much worn, they require soling and heeling. Ladies are partial to beaux about their necks. Long trains of admirers are considered desirable. Summer flirtations are sloped off and cut short. Sacks are, consequently, very common. Opera-singers are much puffed and neatly trimmed by critics. Bad habits should be cut loose. Illusions are frequent at evening parties. Window sashes are trimmed with listings. Bands are much used in processions. Full dress is the style for the opera, and undress for the ballet. In consequence of the visit of Prince Alexis, Rooshins are very fashionable.

"Did you present your account to the defendant?" asked a lawyer of his client. "I did, sir." "And what did he say?" He told me to go to the devil." "And what did you do then?" "Why, I came to you."

Customer—"Do you call that a veal cutlet, waiter? Why, it is an insult to every true calf in the country." Waiter—"I didn't mean to insult you, sir."

Young men now-a-days have a shocking regard for the Scriptures. Solomon said, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard;" and yet the majority of our sluggards irreverently persist in going to their uncles.

Digby, the other day, found some money in the street. "Ah!" said he, with a knowing look, "papers have been saying that money's tight, but I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't found it in the gutter."

It May Be So.—A gushing writer says that "nature's choicest product is woman; and modesty being the interior fount that suffuses her with bloom, ladyhood, as the consummate flower, the florescent zone of womanhood, a distillation from its superlatives, draws from this fount a perennial freshness." It may be so; things have risen so since the war that you can't most always sometimes invariably tell what you least expect.

A Western paper speaks of the house-cleaning season as the time when divine woman has her own way at the house, while the "old man" takes his solemn repast from the top of the flour-barrel, and in sleeping enjoys the freedom of the interval between his bed-room and the front fence. It is a season for meditation, whitewash, and calm, unimpassioned profanity.

☞ The Chicago fire has used up nearly fifty insurance companies.

A WEIGHTY ARGUMENT.

Lean Passenger.—"H'm! Pity they don't charge by weight in
Stout Ditto.—"Think so? Why, if they did, they'd never sto

MEMORY PICTURES.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

Dark hickory boughs against blue perfect sea;
Sharp-shapen fir-trees crowning scarlire rocks;
The cadence of wind-murmurs fresh and free;
The merry sunlight on brown girlish locks;
The sounding of two tender voices low;
And all so long ago!

A bubbling of sweet castles in the air,
Frail as the dim, calm cloud o'er distant seas;
Delicious lilisse, carelessness of care;
Fragments of song; unutterable ease;
Life's music all in soft *pianissimos*—
And all so long ago!

A purple whorl of sunset in the west;
A great gold star through a wide oriel seen;
Two lilied hands upon a placid breast;
A mute pale face ineffably serene;
A mourner kneeling in impassioned woe;
And all so long ago!

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 3.

THE MINER'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

We were mining at South Forks then, with a horde of all sorts of men encamped up the slopes back of us. We worked in Blicker's Gulch. Some of the parties had met with fine success, taking out ounces and even pounds of gold from the numerous "blow-holes" which their inquisitive eyes had searched out.

It was a wild bit of country lying around us. Bold bluffs, hump-backed and rugged, lifted their heads towards the sky; deep dark chasms opened their stony lips in protestations against invasion. Here was a grove of oak and pine in a fertile area, there dawned upon our eyes a row of tents smuggled into a ravine; yonder was the winding pebbly bottom of what would be in the rainy season a bold cascade. Contrast all this with brick walls and noisy pavements, and—faugh! The wild freedom of mining and fresh wood-life laugh at more polished slavery.

We sat or lounged upon the earth around our camp, for the labor of the day was done; Doles alone pottering about the embers intent upon doing the morrow's work, and trying at the same time to ascertain what made his pipe wheeze so asthmatically.

"You are a regular old household deity," Felix flung at him, as, at last, he joined us with his trade-mark, in the form of a streak of smut, radiating out from his nose.

"And you bow at my shrine," was the quick retort.

"That is true, Doles; and further, I don't know what us boys would do if it were not for you."

Doles coincided with this opinion. We all did.

They were having a regular pow-wow higher up. A team had just arrived from Stockton with supplies of flour and a barrel of rum; and by Jove there were yelps up there that would have done credit to a pack of wolves.

"There, boys, you stay where you are," said Stebbens, addressing two or three fellows who were moving away from our party. "This is a teetotal camp, by Jupiter! no exceptions," but as they still moved off, he remarked, "We'll divide the traps in the morning. If they taste a drop of that stuff they dine with a new landlord after this."

"You want always a temperance man, I could swear," said Doles.

"Why?"

"You spoke with too much bitterness just now. Am I right?"

"You are," said Rawden, "and Stebbens, tell them about your last glass."

Stebbens winced.

"If I thought that it would do any good—otherwise—"

"I think it will," said his friend. "It may save some of these young fellows as bitter a lesson."

Stebbens sat a moment in deep thought.

"Well," he said, at length, and the consenting tone of his voice told that he had yielded to the request. Doles who doted on stories, plunged full length upon the sward, still bearing his "trade-mark," stretched like lines of latitude two degrees north from his upper lip.

"Five years ago I was engaged to as fine a girl as there was in the States."

"I can put my hand and seal to that," interluded Rawden. "One summer I was invited out to the Highlands, the residence of Alice Verne's aunt. A gay party of cousins and nephews and friends were out from the city for a season of summer recreation. Songs, gay laughter and mirthful sports, together with sham and real flirtations sped the hours on rosy wings. The gay sports and petty jealousies made food for uproarious sport. I think that I never enjoyed myself better—and alas! that it should have such a terminus.

"I cannot particularize the whole party, but I remember Fitz Henry and Tom Lounds, the pale, sad authoress, Caroline Morely, and that butterfly witch, Bell Hawthon.

"Everything went on merrily. Bell alternately flirted with Tom Loundes, or courted the society of beautiful Caroline Morely. Tom didn't get on to suit her, I remember, because he was more of an adept at talking "horse" than sentimentality, and he would turn from her blandishments any time at the mystical words, 'Won the third heat—best three in five.'

"Time got on rapidly, and some of the steadier ones had faintly hinted at return. The sound rang a knell to our holidays. How plainly I remember those days of sunshine, and the soft summer nights when Black Pete tortured the catgut, while we whirled and balanced and 'promenaded all' on the lawn, while the moon

'Slanted down her mystic rays
Through the summer's golden haze.'

"'Get along with your poetry,' ejaculated Doles, winking at the moon; 'it suggests water on the brain.'

"'My Alice,' Stebbens went on, unmindful of Doles's matter-of-fact interruption, "in her pleasant, gentle way, was the soul of the party, making every one feel happy in spite of himself. We were interested in all the flirtations going on, for we had many 'passages at arms' beneath the stars.

"During that long visit beneath the same roof, I had learned more of her private history than ever before. We had formed our first acquaintance on a trip to the White Mountains. I had known before this visit that she was mortally opposed to all trifling with strong drink. Now I learned why. Her father lay in a drunkard's grave; her only sister had died broken-hearted from ill-usage received from an inebriate husband; and thus her young life had been clouded over.

"Our programme for the visit was to close by a grand ride over the hills to Norroway Falls, and a tarry at the Pembroke House for a supper and a dance. We started off in double carryalls with a span of horses to each carriage, with the exception of our team, which seated six of us on three seats. Caroline Morely and Bell Hawthon occupied the back seat; myself and Alice the middle one; Tom Loundes and Fitz Henry the front.

"The day passed delightfully, although part of our passengers proved a trifle insipid. Loundes and Fitz Henry had a great deal to tell of crack shots and bagging game, the relative merits of Colt and Derringer, and the superior flavor of woodcock and quail.

"'Oh! dear,' at last fidgetted Bell, 'if some one only would pass me a Derringer, I would try my best to make one or both of those sport-mad fellows *quail*.' This made a general laugh.

"'What would you have?' queried obliging Fitz Henry, turning his Apollo face towards her.

"'Something that we can understand.'

"'That would necessitate a move.'

"'Which you are too indolent to undertake,' concisely returned the lively girl.

"So they did t say much more on sporting topics, but kept up a rambling conversation, to which Miss Hawthon for the most part replied, much to the amusement of the rest of us.

"We explored an old ruin, scaled eminences, and scarred our patent leathers to our heart's content, banqueted in a grove, fished for trout where there wasn't even the spawn of the finny tribe, and leaving the ladies in a beautiful grotto, strolled off and fired several pistol shots to make them think that we were bagging a lot of game.

"At sunset we held a consultation.

"'From the Pembroke House, if we take the other route, we can get lovely glimpses of the bay and river by moonlight on our return,' quoth one.

"'If we should return before the moon sets,' suggested another.

"'But it is a very rough road,' objected Alice, 'and it is a longer road that way, taking us over the draw bridge.'

"'But the moonlighted bay,' put in romantic Kitty Brace, do, dear Alice, let us go back that way.'

"So it was decided, and our gay cortege moved on, our animals in excellent trim from their long rest and the measure of grain we had given them.

"I expect that the dance and the supper were delightful. What I remember most distinctly is that there were decanters of wine on the table, that I tasted sparingly, merely to escape comment. But I distinctly remember that, somehow, a lot of us found ourselves in the bar-room. And that I refused at first to touch a tumbler. How I was joked, jeered and finally stung by remarks that I was a weak chicken if I did not dare to trust my legs to carry a glass of liquor safely, and you guess how it ended. They all drank and I drank with them. We had not been gone long. When we returned the rooms had been cleared of everything for the dancers. I do not mean to insinuate that any of us were intoxicated, we had only been drinking rather freely, and fearing that Alice might notice something amiss. I became unusually hilarious that her soft eyes opened in astonishment and wonder. Before we left the others drank again. I did not, for being amused to liquor, I found that my head swam already, and my left foot and my right foot were not on the best of terms with each other.

"We found that the moon kept better hours than ourselves, and was gone to bed when we came out preparatory to starting.

"A strange stillness was upon the entire party, broken in upon occasionally by unusual mirth.

"As we came to seat ourselves I became afraid and ashamed, and did not dare take the middle seat beside Alice. I handed Caroline Morely in beside her. Bell and Fitz Henry were on the back seat, Tom Loundes and myself in front. He held the reins over the backs of as spirited a span of blacks as Ulster county could boast.

"As if it had all been previously settled we led off on the southwesterly curve, which would bring us out upon the old turnpike and on to the road that swept along by the river.

"The setting of the moon and a pall of clouds overhead rendered the night utterly dark and very dangerous.

these horse-cars."
p to pick *you* up!"

"Our carriage led the other two at a break-neck pace, for Tom Lounder was just enough under the influence of liquor to be little less than a reckless maniac.

"Up hill and down hollow Tom drove recklessly onward. Sometimes we could hear the sound of those coming behind, sometimes we could not. My head swam and a deadly nausea seized my stomach. I realized that we were in peril. I turned once and reached back, finding Alice's hand griping the standard of the carriage, and icy cold.

"No word was spoken for miles. Once I thought that I heard a sob, and once a snore in the back part of the carriage, but the wind blew so, and the rocks made the wheels rattle so that I could not tell distinctly.

"'Tom,' called Alice at length, clearly, but with trembling tones. 'You are coming to the mile hill leading down to the bridge, and it is very narrow.

"The only answer that her cousin vouchsafed was a louder crack of the whip and a scrap of a hunting chorus.

"By this time the spirited horses constantly goaded by the stinging whip, were becoming unmanageable, and were ready to break from all restraint.

"With a buzz we began the descent, while the rocks under the friction of the swiftly revolving wheels shot sparks of fire, and the carriage rocked from side to side.

"We had left the other carriages some ways behind, and now our horses struck upon the bridge. In a moment their mad gallop suddenly ceased. They reared, they plunged and snorted, while the intoxicated man, now entirely wild with passion, centright and left with his lash.

"'Stop, Tom,' shrieked Alice, dashing from the carriage nearly under the feet of the infuriated steeds. 'For the love of God, stop, *the draw is up.*'

"Every muscle of those in the carriage was paralyzed with horror. She spoke soothingly to the horses—she had them by the bits—and although their hoofs were still crashing wildly about, they did not strike her.

"'Keep quiet, and let me try and turn them. Whoa, Ned, whoa; back, Charlie—easy—whoa.'

"The axels began to creak, the wheels to grate against each other, and she spoke again.

"'Don't be alarmed; I know the road; sit quietly, or I may run off the high bank.'

"The carriage, meanwhile, was tilting this way and that, the horses floundering, and that heroic girl likely any moment to be trodden to death beneath their heels. I was completely sobered, but dazed not move a finger lest I should precipitate us all to destruction. She turned us safely, but continued for some moments to talk soothingly to the excited animals. A light form then sprang into the front of the carriage, over my feet, and quite into my arms.

"'Give me the reins, Tom;' she called out in a tone which Alice's voice never had before. He seemed to refuse to yield possession, for she spoke again—

"'Tom, yield the reins. You have driven the last time you ever will with me, or my friends.'

"Something in her voice awed him. She took the reins from his hand, but the danger was not all past, for the horses were still wild with excitement, and we might crash into the other teams and roll into the ravine. She had no need to whisper to me—

"'Dick, hold me closely, it is a wretched road,' for I had both arms around her, and could feel her heart plunge as if it would burst its arteries.

"Luckily, the other carriages had stopped on the level place above the hill, at hearing the shouting of the draw-tender, who, lantern in hand, had rushed to the scene.

"'Turn off to the left, Eben,' she called when near enough, 'the road is rough, but you will reach the Highlands in half an hour.'

"She drove us safely home just at dawn of the summer day, disdainfully refused any aid, but chose to deliver the horses herself to the old groom.

"I knew my doom was sealed, by the averted eyes of Alice, and the firm, compressed lips. Fool that I had been, and doubly a fool to throw away so brilliant a prize—just, too, when I was lost in admiration of that most rare attribute—moral courage. The end—the sentence came swiftly. I was to leave the Highlands that very day, and Alice refused to see me. On my second request for an interview, a servant handed me a package. I nervously tore it open. The ring which I had given her rolled out—and in the note were written these lines:—

"'DEAR—After knowing my history, you cannot expect me, with the memory of the past night fresh in my mind, to do differently than to return your ring. When I commit voluntary suicide, I shall choose a quicker means than that of marrying a man addicted to strong drink.

"'Farewell,

"'ALICE VERNE.'

"Right away after that," Stebbins continued, "I entered into a business partnership with my uncle in Utica, but the old dream haunted me, and honorably dissolving, after three years of business connection, I came out here and have found more comfort, because I have had less chance to think than ever I should have found at home. So you do not wonder, boys, that the sound of those idiots up there carousing over that barrel of liquor makes me shudder."

A silence fell upon us, broken at length by Charlie Brand unintentionally bumming the air, "You will be happy yet."

"No, Charlie, I don't think that I ever shall return to the States. I have neither friends nor near relatives, and this life just suits me."

His tones were sad, but not hopeless. How time softens our woes.

Doles, now lying flat upon his back, began making strange curves and angles with his fingers in the air.

"What nummery is that fellow up to now?" soliloquized Rawden. Doles was king jester among us.

"I was figuring out the sum of life," he answered between the whiffs of his pipe, "in single and double position. By adding our joys and subtracting our sorrows and multiplying our cares, we divide our lives into sections. The amount of our good deeds is the product of our gains, and the remainder of our days is not hard to take. A fraction now and then of our enjoyment and cheerfulness reduces the miseries of others and balances our books at the day of settling up accounts."

"Drive on, Stebbins," called out one of the boys, which finished off Doles's remarks in a laugh.

Narrations like this gave us an insight into each other's lives, and we could better appreciate the good which we found in our comrades, and better bend ourselves about the jags, angles and sharp corners of their natures.

Answers to Correspondents.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—All manuscripts sent to us should have the price marked upon them if any is desired. Writers of no literary reputation should be satisfied at first if a good field is afforded them to display their talents and gain a name. We do not guarantee the safe return of manuscript, but endeavor to return it safely when desired, and when the requisite stamps are sent. Articles may be good, well-timed, and not be suitable for our purposes. Experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their articles prompt attention.

MRS. J. M. A. (New York) writes: "Having read your answers to correspondents for some time, I will trouble you now to answer a question for me. I am twenty years of age. Two years ago I became interested in a young man whom I never saw. He offered marriage, but not before correspondence for mutual improvement, and per spe matrimony, not thinking I should ever decide on whether I did or not. I wrote to him, and was the only one who received any reply. In a little more than a week I received an answer from a gentleman in Minnesota, who said he was thirty-two years of age, and gave me a very good description of himself, (which corresponds to his photograph), said he had lived in the county where I was until he was nineteen, then went to South America, and since has travelled in all parts of the United States, and now is at St. Paul. He has given me the address of several of his relatives, and says a short wedding will do away that I only think if his statements were true. But I do not think it would be proper to do so, and he has always written first. He is a nice writer, and gives grand accounts of his travels. After corresponding two years he seems like a near and dear friend, and calls me, 'My dear,' 'My own Darling,' &c., and expresses a great desire to see me. Now please answer as soon as possible, and tell me if you think this proper, and what I let him visit me if he comes here? I think I should let no one know of him. Tell me just what I ought to do about it." We disapprove entirely of a lady entering into a friendly correspondence with a total stranger—one of whose character she cannot possibly know anything. You say that you do not think that it would be proper to avail yourself of the means he has given you of drawing out something about him, yet ask us if we would consider it proper to continue the correspondence. Are you not rather inconsistent here? Of course your parents are aware of the step you have taken, and you have shown to them the correspondence with a perfect stranger? If not, you have done them a great wrong, and exposed yourself to a serious danger. If you are not aware of it, we would suggest to you that you have been somewhat indiscreet in making them acquainted with the whole affair. It presumptuous in using terms of endearment to you, and proper sole respect should teach you not to exhibit such letters to any one. With all these facts before you, what do you say to the young man as an advisory question. Our advice is that through your father or some friend or proper age and judgment, you should acquaint yourself with the character, habits and reputation of the gentleman, and be governed by the result of these inquiries in your future actions. If, on all reports you are favorable, write and close with him as one of all your letters. If favorable, and your parents approve, grant his request for a personal acquaintance. No you not now see into what a mess you have been getting and you are not to blame? Is your correspondent a reliable, he may give you a deal of trouble.

A. L. C. R. (St. Louis) says: "The Post would do a favor to one of its subscribers by giving its advice on the following question: I am in love with a young lady, who, at times says benevolent things, and at others say young man made her acquaintance. Now she seems to care nothing for me. The same young man has spoken scandalously of her to me. Should I tell her how and what her mother of this they seemed not to credit my story (though I could prove it to them) as he is still in her company. Please tell me how I could try and win her second again? If in our private opinion that she is not worth winning around again. She evidently does not love you, and you surely do not want to win an unloving wife. As to what your rival has said, and as to his character, you have already said and done all that you are required to do. You are not in a position to interfere to advantage in the matter.

ANNABEL (Clinton, Tenn.,) writes: "Permit me to ask why the name of Indian Summer is given to a season of the year? Is it because of the picturesque hues which our American woods assume at this time, and the well-known partiality which Indians display for the beauties of Nature? I have often wished to ask this question, and they all tell me the name originated in smoke, which Indians made by burning the leaves and other rubbish promiscuously. Can you tell me? Is vegetable season without smoke? Please consider this to us of much importance to receive an answer and oblige a constant reader." Indian Summer is so called from the fact that the Indians availed themselves of this Autumnal spell of fine weather to lay in their winter stores of food and make other necessary preparations for the winter. We do not think we have no reason to believe that the Indians were particularly fond of roast chestnuts. The popular idea probably springs from the smoky appearance of this season. This appearance is still supposed to proceed from smoke, rising from the extensive prairie and forest fires of the Autumn.

G. D. (Shawnee City, Ill.,) says: "I contemplate a visit of three months to Europe. My family consists of seven, five being children. I desire a few suggestions with regard to go, and what expenses I must meet pleasant; and also, how to get along without suffering imposition." You give us a question which we have not space enough to answer. We simply name the various places in Europe of interest to tourists, would occupy too much of our paper. It depends very much on the tastes of the traveller what will prove of greatest interest to him or her. The best rule we can give to avoid imposition on the Continent, is to engage an attendant, who will show no one to cheat you or put himself. Avoid ostentation. It is said that, on the Continent, only nabobs, noblemen, and Americans travel first class. Study the traveling habits and the hotel customs of the natives of the country you are in, and govern yourself accordingly. For further information, you had better procure some work on the subject, such as "Murray" or "Appleton's Short Trip Guide to Europe," which will give you full details of places and prices.

A. J. (Tobacco Stick, Ind.,) writes: "Permit a earnest reader of your paper to ask you—1st. What is the latest hypothesis advanced by the most eminent astronomers about the name of the interior of our earth? 2d. As the Sun of our Solar System is said to generate heat continually, what is its source of combustion?" The opinions in regard to the character of the earth's interior are so many, and each so well sustained, that it would be difficult in the present stage of the science to decide on any one as reliable. The tendency seems to be to believe that the solidity of the earth's solid crust is greater than was formerly supposed. One theorist, (Professor Thompson, we believe,) deduces this from the recession of the lunar nodes, declaring that if the Earth had a fluid interior, the solid and fluid portions could not move together in the movement procession, which does not agree with known habits and the later custom of the natives of the country you are in, and govern yourself accordingly. For further information, you had better procure some work on the subject, such as "Murray" or "Appleton's Short Trip Guide to Europe," which will give you full details of places and prices.

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RIDDLER.

CHARADE.

A pleasant thing my *first* is unto all—
To those that soar, or stately walk, or crawl.
And yet at duty's call 'tis given away.
As children treat their toys when tired of play.

Merrily glides my *second* I trow,
In the warm flushing of young love's glow;
Skimming, swan-like, gracefully o'er
Its crystalline, emerald-gleaming floor.

To-morrow tells another tale,
As shrieks the fiercely rising gale
Old Ocean rises in his might,
And darkly terrible as night.

He hurls his thundering waves on high.
Waging grim battle with the sky;
And gallant ships, a nation's boast,
Are crushed against some rock-bound coast.

Then strive, brave souls,—true heroes they—
To snatch from greedy seas their prey.
My *whole* is in a moment manned;
And bearing each my first in hand,

Undaunted through the bursting wave
They strain, in hope my first to save.
O gallant hearts! may best success
Their noble efforts ever bless!

JOHN LATEY.

WORD SQUARE.

Sport.
To encourage.
Flesh.
A girl's name.

Louisville, Ky. ED. WARD.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

John, Charles, and Peter, being all three "Sons of America," bought a triangular tract of land, whose three respective sides are as follows: Along a straight public road 630 perches; along cornfields 600 perches; and along pasture ground 390 perches. Each of them paying toward the purchase $8,150. They wish to divide it among themselves in three equal parts, by two dividing lines between them at right angles to the road. The land being at equal value throughout. John intends to take his part joining the pasture; Charles the middle part; and Peter the triangular point containing the acute angle. The question arises, what is the length that each person's part is *joined by the road*.

HILDEBERT KOBEL.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a married flirt like a wheel? Ans.—Because she goes round with the *felloes* as well as with the *hub*.

☞ What kind of drum is that which is always best when it cannot be beaten? Ans.—A *conun-drum*.

☞ Can a lady playing on a pianoforte be rightly said to resemble an ape, simply because her fingers are *'mong keys* (monkeys?)

☞ What is it that comes into the world at just a nice height from the ground for you to extract its sweetness, and yet is both a sign of treachery and amity? Ans.—A kiss!

☞ Why is a man standing outside a certain kind of public conveyance like ladies' lips? Ans.—Because he's a bus conductor.

☞ What is the vessel that no woman objects to embark in? Ans.—A court-ship.

☞ Be kind enough to inform me why ballet-women are so wicked? Ans.—Because they are never content until they execute their pas.

☞ Just state the difference between an auction and sea-sickness? Ans.—One is a sale of effects, the other the effects of a sail!

☞ Why was Napier like a hen-pecked husband? Ans.—Because he was Apier (happier) without the H (hen.)

☞ What letter is most like a donkey? Ans.—U (you.)

☞ What's most unlike cock-a-doodle-doo? Ans.—Cock-a-doodle-don't.

☞ What relation is that child to its father who is not its father's own son? Ans.—His daughter.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

CHARADE—Plough-share, (Plough-hare.)
ENIGMA—Antediluvians.
WORD SQUARE—

ROLL
OLIO
LION
LONE

RECEIPTS.

WILD DUCK SOUP.—This is a company soup. If you live where wild ducks are abundant, it will afford an agreeable variety occasionally to make soup of some of them. If you suspect them to be sedgy or fishy (you can ascertain by the smell when drawing or cleaning them) parboil each duck, with a carrot put into his body. Then take out the carrot and throw it away. You will find that the unpleasant flavor has left the ducks, and been entirely absorbed by the carrots. To make the soup—cut up the ducks, season the pieces with a little salt and pepper, and lay them in a soup pot. For a good pot of soup you should have four wild ducks. Add two or three sliced onions and a tablespoonful of minced sage. Also a quarter of a pound of butter divided into four, and each piece rolled in flour. Pour in water enough to make a rich soup, and let it boil slowly till all the flesh has left the bones; skim it well. Thicken it with boiled or roasted chestnuts, peeled and then mashed with a potato beetle. A glass of Madeira or sherry will be found an improvement, stirred in it at the last, or the juice and grated peel of a lemon. In taking it up for the tureen, be careful to leave all the bones and bits of meat in the bottom of the pot.

SPONGE CAKE.—1 pound of sugar, ½ pound of flour, 9 eggs, the juice of one lemon and grated rind, and a pinch of salt. The yolks of the eggs and the sugar should be beaten together, and the whites separately. The whole should then be put together, the juice of the lemon added last. No soda or cream tartar should go into sponge cake, as it makes it dry. The lemon is very essential, not only for the flavor, but to make it *light*. The quicker it is beaten together and put in the oven the better it is. The oven should be pretty hot.